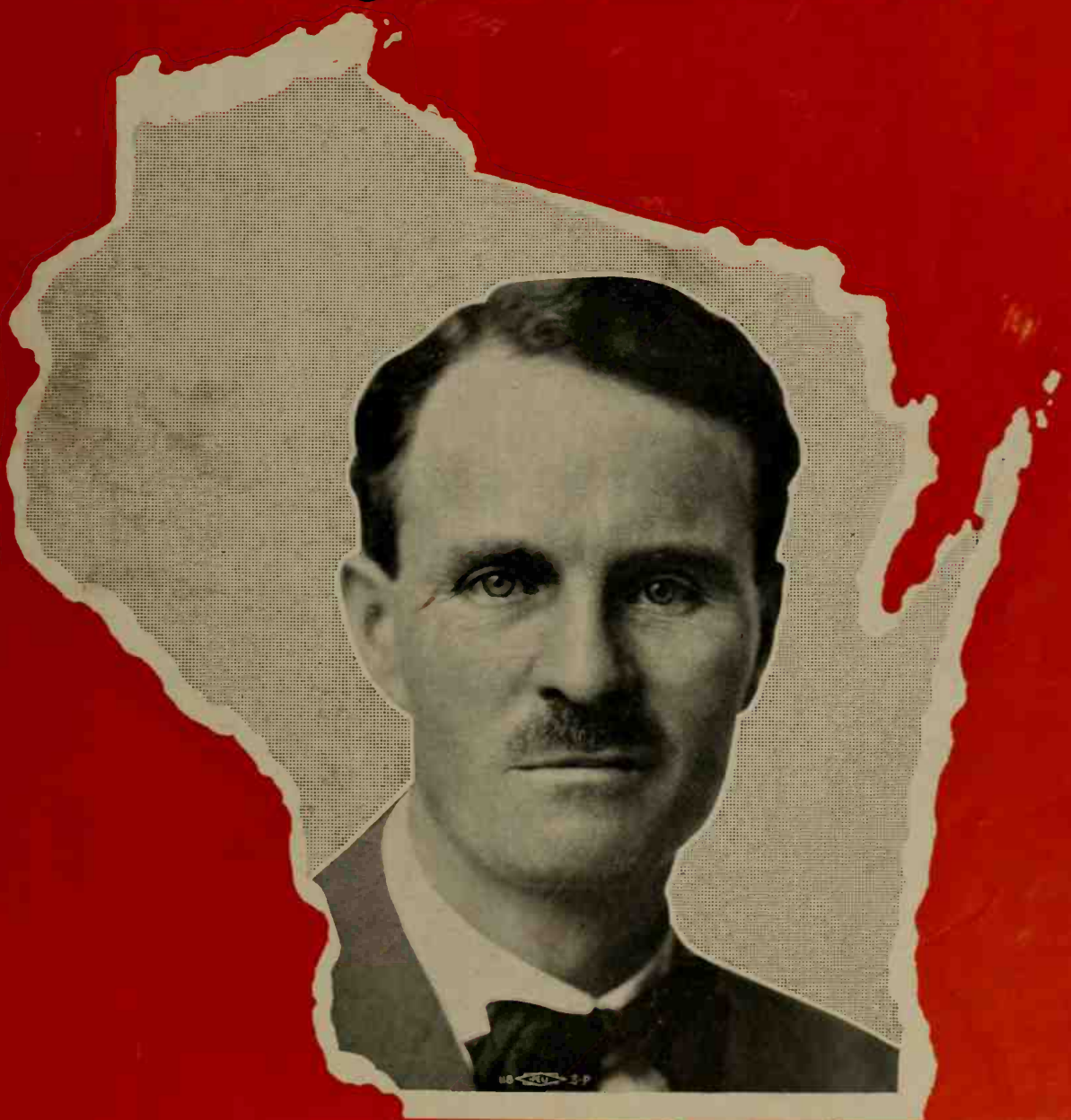
JANUARY, 1927

The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

"Know Your Own State"



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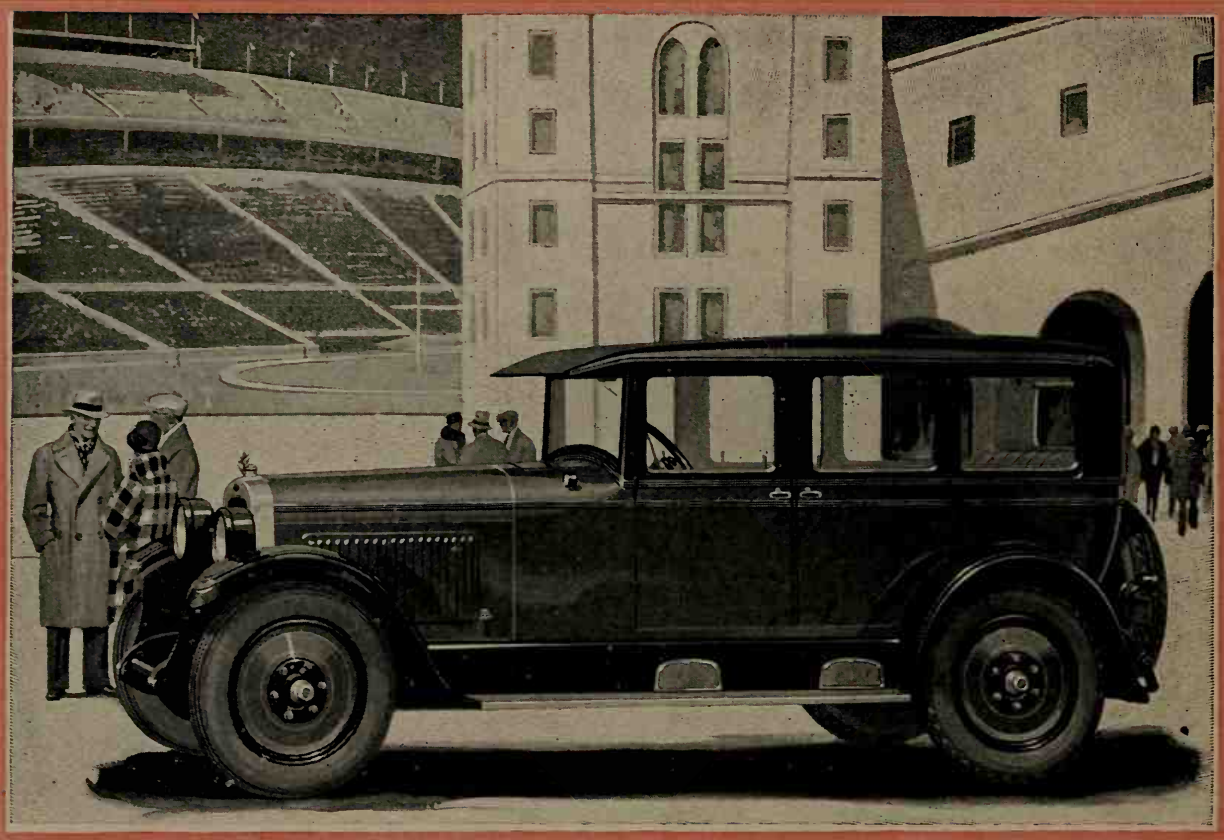

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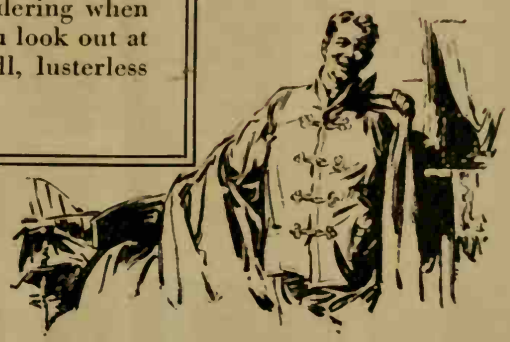

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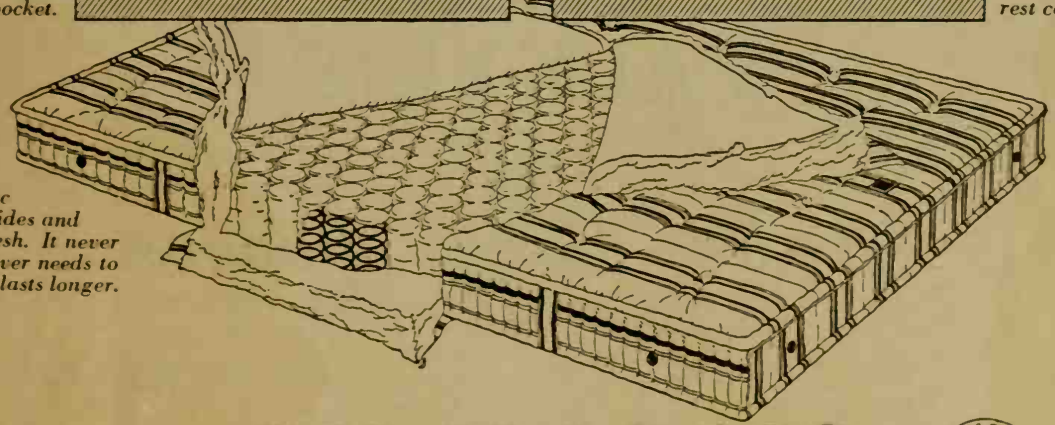
Notice under the deep layers of felted linter cotton, the inner-cushion of 702 sensitive coil springs, each in its own fabric pocket.

See how the Beautyrest shapes to every body curve, coaxing nerves and muscles to thoroughly relax and rest completely.



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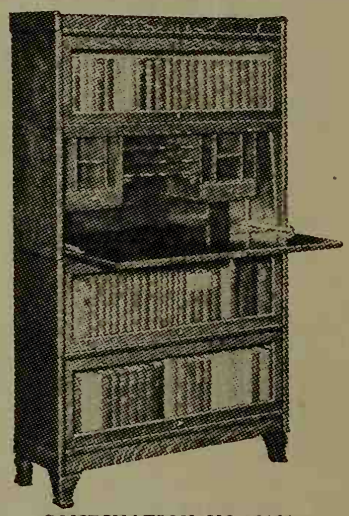

COMBINATION NO. 2164

		Qtrd. Oak Imt. Walnut Imt. Mahog.	Genuine Mahog.
0	Regular Top	$4.25	$5.75
22	Book Section	6.75	8.75
28	Desk Section	25.50	30.50
22	Book Section	6.75	8.75
22	Book Section	6.75	8.75
49	French Leg Base	4.50	6.00
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The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

HARDY STEEHOLM, Editor

January, 1927

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Wishes its Readers
a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

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The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

JANUARY, 1927

CLARENCE A. SHALER

Inventor and Philanthropist

By GEORGE LEON VARNEY

In the language of filmdom, coveted markets were opened to the new product. Dividends were declared. A modest fortune made. The inventor had tuned in on the wave length of success.

"CAN there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was the question raised by Nathanael nineteen hundred years ago.

A somewhat similar question might be put to-day by one who assumes that a city that is the site of a penitentiary must necessarily be inhabited by questionable characters.

Such is not the case in Wisconsin. It is true that Waupun houses hundreds of criminals within the confines of the state penitentiary in its midst, but it is also true that the city is the home of many illustrious persons as well. It is no small matter of civic pride that in a recent volume of "Who's Who in America," no fewer than six of the outstanding leaders in fields of achievement were born in the Prison City. In addition, there are many other sons and daughters ranking high in the world of respectability and responsibility who, although not accorded a place in the red and gold volume with contemporaries, were cradled or tutored by the good mothers of Waupun.

All due respect to those to whom honor is due, it remained for one of the adopted sons to put the name of the city before the commercial world. Prior to his coming there had been some industrial effort, but, like every other city with a Main Street, the name Waupun for the most part was confined to a railway station and a post office marker.

With the coming of Clarence A. Shaler came new life. His indomitable courage and keen foresight coupled with the talents of an inventive mind gave him a rare combination of qualifications for leadership.

Bent on forging ahead, his first venture was that of making umbrellas in an old abandoned flaxmill. While in the experimental stage of the business, he conceived the idea that it would mean much to humanity if an umbrella top could be made detachable, thereby affording a person the privilege of recovering an old but good frame a number of times. Concentrating his efforts upon this idea he produced a patented appliance.

Presto! the die had been cast. The names of "Shaler" and "Waupun" were destined to be associated together forever.

Wisconsin is proud of
CLARENCE A. SHALER.

The invention of the automobile brought an avalanche of ideas. Mr. Shaler was not immune to thinking on the subject. Having purchased an automobile, (the second to be sold to a Wisconsinite) he devoted much study to its mechanism.

The "Motor Magazine" in commenting on the introduction of the auto to Waupun folk says, "At that time a young man, now one of Shaler's closest friends, was the rising city attorney of Waupun and the owner of a high spirited driving horse. He endeavored to have the city council pass an ordinance barring automobiles from the streets of Waupun." This item is interesting because it parallels the accounts covering the reception accorded the steam engine, the steamboat, the cotton gin and other inventions when they were first introduced in other sections of the country.

The owner of the new chariot made numerous trips. He ventured to the surrounding country but reached the conclusion that, unless something was devised whereby tires could be repaired more easily, he would have to give up his Winton. On one trip alone he recalls having received seven punctures. Mind you, this was nearly a quarter of a century ago when a spare tire and a demountable rim were undreamed of, and patching a tire, such as it was, was a slow, tedious job. There were several tire repair outfits on the market at the time but when put to the test they failed to give satisfaction.

Many inventions have been the offspring of necessity. So it was with the Shaler vulcanizer. Experimenting in a little shed in his own backyard, he tried to solve his tire problem. Hooking up a discarded electric flatiron and a rheostat from a dynamo, and with the aid of a few tools, he produced the first practical motorist's vulcanizer. In trying to remedy his own tire trouble he succeeded in solving the problem for the auto world.

A smile wreathes the face of the inventor as he assumes a reminiscent attitude and calmly relates how the neighbors brought their tires to his shed and how they stood by absorbed in no small degree of wonderment while Aladdin-like he applied the magic touch that lengthened the life of the tires and made the repair of the trouble comparatively easy.

When one recounts the many changes that have been wrought in the construction of automobiles and tires since the first vulcanizer was made, it fairly seems as though Shaler and his magic flatiron were associated with the advent of time.

"In the beginning," says the inventor, "only electric vulcanizers were made, but the demand for vulcanizers among car-owners who did not have access to electric current let to the invention of other models heated by steam generated by gasoline or alcohol burners. Quite naturally a demand appeared among repairmen for these types of vulcanizers as they all embodied an important exclusive feature, automatic

"The End of the Trail," replica of James Earl Fraser's famous statue, which Mr. Shaler will present to the city of Waupun.

temperature control. So shop vulcanizers of various styles were added to complete the only line of vulcanizers manufactured in the world.

"I can name at present no country to which we do not ship vulcanizers. Last fall when I started west I noticed a car-load going to India. During the World War we supplied three armies, namely, England, France, and the United States with vulcanizers."

An interesting note in connection with the C. A. Shaler Company is that the men who organized the company are all still actively interested in the concern. The sales manager, the advertising manager, the factory superintendent, the assistant sales manager, and several others have been witnesses to the growth and development of the sapling into a sturdy oak. Needless to add, each in his respective department has made some valuable contribution to the strengthening and upbuilding of one of the firms the state of Wisconsin is proud to call its own.

Dr. Russell Conwell in his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," says among other things:

"There are people who think that their fortune lies in some far country. It is much more likely to lie right in their own backyards or on their front door-step. Most of our millionaires discovered their fortunes by simply looking around them."

He could have cited the career of Mr. Shaler as a shining example when urging members of the rising generation to make use of their will power.

The Philanthropist

Newspapers of late have been giving over considerable space to the philanthropies of the inventive genius. Mr. Shaler gave last year fifty-four thousand dollars to Waupun for the Shaler Scholarship for the schools of the city. This scholarship entitles the winner to a four years' course in any university, medical school, art institute, school of music, or any other school especially suited to the needs of the student.

At present, one winner is attending a dental college, one student studying art at the Art Institute of Chicago, one fitting himself for an architect at the University of Chicago and one attending the University of Wisconsin. The only conditions are that the student shall not financially be able to attend college. The committee is required to dress the students in such a manner that they will not be embarrassed.

Mr. Shaler had been doing this anonymously for some years, but it came to a point where he thought it best to put it in a more permanent form.

Tribute to Wife

After the death of his beloved wife five years ago, Mr. Shaler had erected in Forest Mound Cemetery a beautiful work of art from the chisel of Lorado Taft, world famed American sculptor.

The figure is that of a bronze angel of heroic size against a block of polished gray granite. Some call the work "The Angel of Peace," "Memory," "Faith," "Hope," etc., as it appeals to the onlooker. It is most impressive in its beauty and awakens the admiration of all who stand before it. One critic declares: "The figure typifies the Recording Angel who has just completed reading the record of a good life and pauses, with eyes closed in contemplation. There is about the face and figure of the angel a wonderful spirituality; harmony, and grace, alike in the sweetness of the face, the poise of the head, and the easy repose of the body."

The size of this magnificent work of art can be better appreciated when we note that the figure is nine feet tall and the granite reaches up twelve feet. The figure weighs two thousand five hundred pounds, and the stone sixteen tons.

Mr. Shaler has just announced another gift to Waupun. It will be a replica of the famous Equestrian statue known as "The End of the Trail," the masterpiece of James Earle Fraser.

Among the other noted works of this sculptor are his statue of Alexander Hamilton on the steps of the Treasury Building in Washington; a bust of Roosevelt; and his more recent memorial to John Ericsson, inventor and builder of the Monitor of Civil War fame.

End of the Trail

What inspired Mr. Shaler to engage the services of the sculptor is told by Mr. Shaler in an interesting way:

"During the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1914, I was living in Berkeley, California, and visited the Exposition many times. Almost invariably before leaving the grounds for the day my footsteps would end up at the statue, 'The End of the Trail,' by Earl C. Fraser. It occupied a most commanding position. At that time it was modeled only in plaster, and later was destroyed by fire. I considered it the most artistic and beautiful of all the pieces at the fair, among that wealth of artistic gems. As the years went by, it was broadcast not only in pictures but small bronzes, such as bookends, and so forth. However, on inquiry, I found it had never been remodeled and cast in bronze. The thought occurred to me that no piece of statuary was so typically American, and would so well voice the feeling I had for the American Indian, here in Wisconsin where he made one of his last stands. I well remember, as a child, seeing a dark face appear at the open door, without knock or warning of any kind, and enter the room followed by the gaily blanketed forms of several of his companions. He was begging for food to which he had a just right. The shores of the nearby lake were covered with his teepees and his campfires lighted up their waters at night. When I had grown to manhood the Indian, together with the many flocks of pigeons that used to darken the sky with their numbers, had totally disappeared. Nothing was left but their burial mounds in fields too stony for the share of the plow to turn. I thought it fitting that in this state, where even now, the plow turns up the flint with which he used to tip his arrow and the pottery in which he cooked his simple meals, I might offer this slight tribute to his memory. I also had in mind that it would be a suitable companion piece to the statue of Memory by Larado Taft, that I gave to the city of Waupun several years ago."

It may be of interest to know what the Washington Post had to say about this statue at the unveiling of Mr. Fraser's statue of Ericsson in Washington last May:

"For the impressive 'End of the Trail' which was placed in an important position in the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, Mr. Fraser received a gold medal. This is really one of the finest species of sculpture in American art, so typical is it, so sincere in feeling, so excellently is it modeled, it came straight out of the heart of the sculptor, and so appeals directly to the spectator."

The figure will be of bronze and mounted on a stone base two feet thick. It will be twelve feet from the base to the shoulder of the Indian.

The site selected for this gift is on the dam near the cemetery where Mrs. Shaler lies buried. It is the intention of the donor to have the figure lighted at night so as to give the effect of standing unsupported in the sky.

Fight for Health

On perusing the foregoing lines covering the accomplishments of Mr. Shaler, one may think that the inventor has been a special favorite of Dame Fortune. Not necessarily. Whatever has come to him has come as the fruit of hard work and invested talents. Ambition, perseverance, determination, plus an inventive mind and the capacity to apply oneself to the task in hand have been the vital factors that have entered into his real achievements. Along with it all has been waged a long struggle, a battle not for honors or wordly gain but one for health—a battle to live and stand erect, "even as you and I."

When still a young man, Mr. Shaler fell and broke a leg. The resetting proved unsuccessful, with the result that the injured member caused the throwing of the weight of the body on one foot and brought about an increasing pressure on a portion of the nervous system. Not rallying as he should under the care of his physician, he was placed in the hands of a specialist, who concluded that the complications that had aggravated the case were due to a stomach disorder.

Finding no relief, he was sent to Hot Springs, later to Battle Creek and several other places famed for their cures. Instead of getting better, he became worse.

One day while in a very discouraged state of mind, he consulted one whose name did not add much lustre to the medical world. After hearing the patient's story, the practitioner remarked, "It's not your stomach; it's your leg that's bothering you. We can relieve

(Continued on page 30)

Making Captains of Industry
But Not
In Thirty Easy Lessons

The University of Wisconsin Extension Division Campus—The World's Seamen, Gold Miners, and Librarians Take Courses

By MARY M. BRANDEL

"I AM enclosing a picture of the last load we captured," writes a correspondent student from the United States "Rum Navy." "There were 170 cases of 'mixed goods' in the lot. The picture was taken at Sandy Hook at the Government docks."

This letter came to the University Extension Division from a marine of the United States Coast Patrol who is taking a correspondence course because he cannot attend the University. The University of Wisconsin goes to sea, besides going to twenty-five foreign countries in which over 500 foreign students are taking courses by correspondence.

Men and women from all walks of life, working under widely varied and often unfavorable conditions have enrolled for correspondence courses.

From a student on a United States battleship comes the following message:

"I am sorry that circumstances compel me to discontinue my English studies until next September. We are in the midst of the great tension that precedes target practice; I expect to be transferred elsewhere in a few weeks, and it always means some weeks in shaking down again; by that time one of the members of my family is to undergo a serious surgical operation; and in August, I am to be examined for promotion, which requires considerable time in preparation."

A note from an Alaska cabin reveals some of the difficulties involved in study:

Professor Lighty, secretary of the correspondence study department, who began offering courses in 1906.

"At present I am some miles removed from Fairbanks, working on a railroad. My accommodations were not calculated to conform with the requirements of a student, as I share a large room with at least a dozen men, and the table that serves as my desk must also accommodate a game of cards, and the sourdoughs must spin their yarns of the earlier days in Alaska, so privacy is a state unknown here and my papers are bound to show some traces of dirt and misuse that can't be avoided for the present. There is but one boat a week out of southwestern Alaska, and if the train is delayed by snow, it fails to make it. Hereafter I will try and have an assignment go out to you each week."

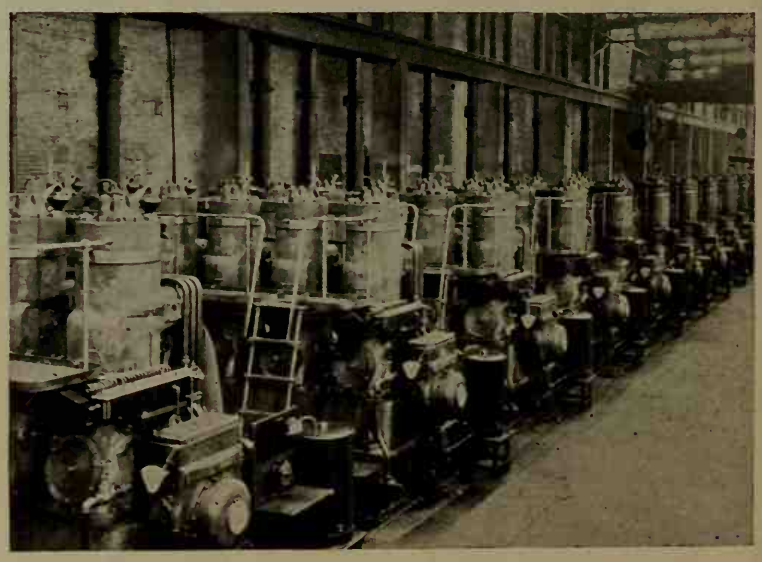
And a Wisconsin librarian sent this message, all of which reflects more than a passing burst of enthusiasm:

"My librarian decided to 'thrash out' the always vexed question of departmental libraries, and appointed me to do the research work and to write the report. After much re-writing it went to our president, who came over promptly to say that the whole report had impressed him as an admirable piece of work, and that the phrasing was better than that of any report he had seen for a long time. I dare say you will think he is used to a low order of reports if one of your English five creatures can excel over the writers of such literature, but any way, the credit or whatever matter may be in his pretty speech belongs to 'teacher,' and I want her to have it."

"If the instructor does have a 'bad side,' the extension student doesn't know it—just as a voice over the telephone is generally more pleasing than at a close range," is the remark of one extension student.

It takes intensely human relations between real people to produce letters like these, and to cause a student to

Extension students help to assemble these engines at Fairbanks-Morse—



—and put them through their paces on the test floor.

bind his lesson sheets, with his instructor's comments, into a book with this dedication: "To Roy J. Colbert—Who keeps intact the atmosphere of the Greek teachers, in spite of a correspondence study."

Twenty years ago the knowledge accumulated in the University during a half century had contributed to the intellectual advancement of but a small number of students; but the University Extension Division was destined to carry to every one in the state a part of the store of knowledge that was the University's.

"Let's make the borders of the state the campus fence," said President Charles Richard Van Hise, back in 1904, to the state legislature, and with the $20,000 appropriated for this purpose, and with the help of Louis E. Reber, who was dean of the Extension Division until his resignation last spring, correspondence courses were established.

Other universities in the '90's organized extension divisions, but they could not offer knowledge interpreted and applied to the needs of everyday living, and people did not want theoretical knowledge. This obstacle was overcome at Wisconsin by Dean Reber, who had been trained as a mechanical engineer at Pennsylvania State College, and who combined the university viewpoint with industrial sympathies.

The sailor who goes to sea takes his Extension Division lessons along.

Correspondence schools, then as now, promised to make farmer lads into captains of industry in thirty easy lessons, and the boys were accepting at the rate of 35,000 in Wisconsin. Only one out of a hundred, however, ever finished the lessons.

During the last year 24,962 persons enrolled for Extension courses, and 16,649 finished them, or 66.7 per cent.

The campus fence has stretched far since Prof. William H. Lighty, the present secretary of the correspondence study department, began offering courses in 1906. Then in 1907, the Extension Division was organized by Dean Reber. The first year twenty-six students were enrolled; now the fence encircles the globe. Besides a stenographer in the administration office who is taking bookkeeping, it includes Djang Dju Ru, 'way over in India. Twenty student generations have proved that the borders of the state are too small for the campus fence.

The university today is for the student sitting in the shadow of the bronze Lincoln; for the miner up north in the iron range; for the dairy hand who helps make "Rock County's Gold;" for the student in China, New Zealand, Peru, and Alaska.

To some on the campus, the daily walk up "the hill" affords slight inspiration, and the weekly reading assignment is a bore and a grind. To others, who know the university only through the mails, the smelly oil lamp of a logging-camp bunkhouse lights the way for nightly voyages of thrilling discovery, which now and then crowds between the lines of the papers they send in, with apologies for not doing more and better.

Perhaps those who bend over their desks nightly after a strenuous day's work, until a course is completed, may make up in earnestness of purpose whatever advantage resident students may enjoy. And correspondence students outnumber those in residence three times, with several thousand to spare.

But what are the interests of these students scattered the world over?

Registration last year indicates that English leads in popularity, followed by business subjects, mechanical engineering, education, mathematics, political economy, and history. About one quarter are taking the work for university, normal, or high school credit; many for advancement in their work; others to improve their general knowledge.

The university is dealing in a bewildering array of ideas—the most elusive things in the world and the hardest to transfer. The transferring process is most carefully organized.

To prepare instruction papers, handle correspondence, and reach personally wherever possible the 24,962 students active during 1924-5, a staff of fifty-one instructors, administrative, and clerical workers, exclusive of professors from the resident faculty who also give a part of their time to the teaching of extension students by class and correspondence, is maintained at Madison. Important district offices, which serve as headquarters for field workers are maintained at Appleton, Superior, Eau Claire, Wausau, La Crosse, and Milwaukee.

Beautiful Linden Drive leading to the Extension Division building.

The Milwaukee division has a regular full-time staff of nineteen; thirty-four instructors are appointed for evening classes; and twelve of the resident faculty from Madison hold classes in the city, making a staff of eighty-six for the Milwaukee division.

These correspondence courses do not promise to make farmer lads into captains of industry in thirty easy lessons. They aren't easy, nor do they promise wonderful jobs when they are finished; yet many students would not trade the jobs they have now with any one.

The Extension Division performs other services, too, for not every one can take advantage of regular correspondence courses. Specific information on special topics has been the need of 18,179 inquirers during the past two years. This need was met by package

(Continued on page 28)

The Extension Division mailing room just before the truck comes 'round.

A PERSONALITY AND A GENIUS

Frank Holton & Company, Makers of Band Instruments, Is Typical of the Life of Its Founder and President

By BENITA L. SPENCER

IN the City of Music live a dignified white-haired gentleman and his charming wife, exponents of an ideal of cooperation which they have managed to bring to life in an interesting fashion, and, more than that, which they have managed to keep alive in the hearts of scores of employees.

More than twenty-five years ago this man, now known throughout the musical world as the "Master Builder" started the manufacture of a trombone oil. He made it in the small apartment in Chicago in which he and his wife lived, and then bottled and sold it in a tiny single-room store which he rented down town. This was his business during the day. At night and on Sundays he played in Chicago bands and orchestras.

Then a friend brought an instrument to him one day and asked him to fix it, as the tone seemed impaired. Other friends came and soon Frank Holton, yes, the president of Frank Holton and Company, manufacturers of band instruments, had a fairly flourishing business in second hand instruments.

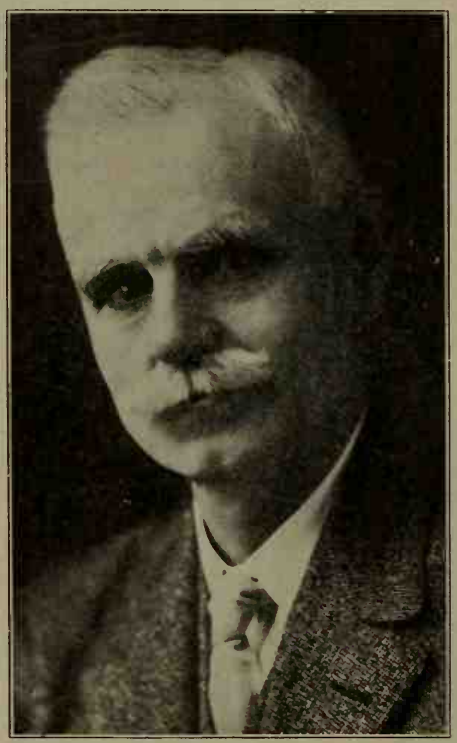
But all this time he was working and planning how to build a trombone which would incorporate all the features he thought a trombone should have. He experimented and worked on the instrument for over two years, drawing nothing from his business in the way of salary, still playing in a band at night, and living as economically as possible. Mrs. Holton was teaching voice culture and piano to a large class of students, and their joint income was put right back into the business.

After a time, however, the first room grew too small, and the business was moved to two large rooms at the corner of State and Madison Streets. That was in 1900 and four years later the company had grown to such an extent that it was necessary to move again. While the second hand business continued, the manufacture of instruments was now growing to be far more important.

Build Factory

The new location afforded 6,000 feet of space but scarcely had the business been fully established there before it was necessary to have larger quarters, and so a factory was built, in 1907, on the west side in Chicago.

In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Holton had been visiting occasionally in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, now called the City of Music because, of a population of 2,000, nearly 500 are skilled players of an instrument, or are singers.



Frank Holton, founder and president of the Holton band instrument manufacturing company at Elkhorn.

Through these friends they became much interested in that section of the state, and finally purchased a farm there, to be used as a summer home.

However, as the years went on it became apparent that the factory in Chicago would not long be adequate to hold the fast increasing business of the Holton Company, and when they were contemplating a change in Chicago to larger quarters, the idea of moving the entire plant to Elkhorn where there was plenty of room, a musical atmosphere, and an altogether different kind of life from that of a large city, was suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Holton.

Before making the decision, they took about thirty-five employees and their families to look over the site and express their opinions concerning the wisdom of the move. They seemed to be unanimous in their approval, and so, in 1918 the whole factory—machinery, men, equipment, everything—was moved to Elkhorn, where a splendid new plant, delightful in every detail, had been constructed.

Since that time further additions and improvements have been made to the factory, and it stands today as a model of light and cleanliness, attractive inside and out.

As I started on a tour of inspection I was at once impressed by the atmosphere. Everywhere seemed to be harmony and cooperation to an extent seldom found in a factory of that sort. As my guide stopped to call attention to a particular operation, the man whose work we watched seemed very friendly, and willing to answer questions and to explain in detail the intricate nature of the method or of the instruments he was working on.

Today the business is one of more than a million dollars a year, even though it was started without capital and practically no outside capital has been put into it at any time.

Most of the employees are musicians, and the Holton-Elkhorn band has attained such renown that when the weekly concerts are given each Wednesday evening during the summer months from five to ten thousand people from all over southern and eastern Wisconsin drive to Elkhorn to hear them.

Seek Harmony

The house policy of the company again brings out the idea of harmony and cooperation which is expressed throughout the plant.

"JUSTICE—In the fullest sense of the word in all our dealings with our customers, our employees and those with whom we have business relations.

"TRUTH—Realizing that Justice is but a mockery without Truth, we pledge ourselves in all our dealings and more especially in our advertising and correspondence to adhere strictly to Truth.

"SERVICE—Business, when thoroughly analyzed, means service. It is our aim, in all our dealings, to serve those with whom we have business relations, as we would want to be served were we in their place and they in ours, and furthermore, if possible, give more than can even reasonably be expected of us.

"QUALITY—To put into Holton Instruments that touch of the skilled craftsman that brings the recognition gained by producing that which is superior, to adhere strictly to building Holtons to the highest possible standard.

"HARMONY—As harmony is the strength and foundation of all institutions, we aim to bring about that spirit which will enable us to cooperate as one man.

"ECONOMY—In time, material and

energy, thereby giving our customers the greatest possible values.

"We pledge ourselves to the fulfillment of these policies to the greatest possible degree."

When Frank Holton was about twelve years old he went to visit an uncle who lived in Battle Creek, Michigan. This uncle was the singing master of the village, and it was through him that the boy first became interested in music. He used to go from house to house and farm to farm with the older men, listening to the "sings" and learning much in an amateur way about music. In the same village was a pastor whose son owned a cornet which he seldom used. In some way Frank learned of this, and asked to borrow it. The minister's son gladly loaned the instrument, little realizing that he was giving it to a boy who was one day to lead the world in the making of them.

The lad learned the blacksmithing and carriage trade but the appeal of music was too strong for him to resist, and he became a member of a traveling minstrel show, in which he played the trombone.

In 1890 Mr. Holton met Ellis Brooks whose band was, at that time, one of the foremost musical organizations of this country. Mr. Brooks was so impressed with Mr. Holton's work that he engaged him to play in his band during the winter season at St. Augustine, Florida, and during the summer season at Nantasket Beach, near Boston.

Joined Sousa

It was during one of these engagements that Mr. Holton met Herbert Clarke, who has become the foremost cornetist of the world. Mr. Clarke had decided ideas as to the features of the ideal cornet, but he did not dream that these ideas could ever be realized in metal. However, he confided in Mr. Holton, and the result is the famous Clarke-Holton vocal cornet, which is used by musicians all over the world.

When Sousa organized his band both Mr. Holton and Mr. Clarke became members of the group, and played a special engagement at the World's Fair in Chicago. Arthur Pryor, then a young trombone artist just beginning his career, was also a member of the new band.

Following this engagement the three men parted. Mr. Holton went with Ellis Brooks again, and took over the Second Regiment Band of Chicago, which was known all over the Middle West.

It has been said that once again are the big three—Holton, Clarke, and Pryor—playing a three-part harmony. Frank Holton making master horns, Herbert Clarke and Arthur Pryor playing and approving them.

From a one-man shop of a little more than a quarter of a century ago, Frank Holton and Company has become an institution known throughout the world, shipping its instruments to England, France, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, China, and India.

The factory itself, with over 50,000 square feet of floor space, is situated on a high spot in Walworth County, on a plot of six acres. Surrounding the building are grass, shrubs, and trees which give it an aspect far from industrial.

Home of the Frank Holton band instruments and the Holton band that is helping make these Wisconsin made instruments famous.

It is interesting to note that the Holton firm has no traveling men on the road, but does its business entirely by mail, selling directly to customers and to some of the larger music houses throughout the country.

The order filling department is interesting from several viewpoints. The finished stock rooms are practically airtight and have lumps of camphor exposed in them to keep the instruments from tarnishing. Each instrument has either a bin or a box of its own, is carefully wrapped in a clean cloth, and each type of instrument has a room of its own.

Besides the ordinary inspection department, such as is found in every factory, the Holton Company also maintains a sales inspection department, conducted by men who are experts in the particular instruments which they examine. The test is personal. If the inspector would not be willing to buy with his own money each instrument which passes through his hands, the rejected horn goes back to the construction department where it is thoroughly gone over, and if the defect cannot be fixed, the instrument is scrapped. The direct supervisor of this department is Walter Smith who was for thirty years assistant director of the United States Marine Band at Washington, D. C. He played solo cornet under Sousa with the Marine band, and at the World's Fair.

Hand Engraved

Since all Holton instruments are hand engraved, that department is most instructive. The fascinating task of engraving intricate designs of flowers, birds, and scrolls is done by men who have long been experts in this line. The bells of the larger horns take scores of hours of work, for the planning and drawing of the design itself often takes as many as fifteen hours.

Instead of putting the buffing and polishing department in a dark room by itself, as is done in many factories, because of the dust which comes from the instruments as they are worked upon, this company has devised a system of exhaust fans which draw off all the dirt, and at the same time, act as ventilators for the main room of the plant.

The Holton factory is one of the few in the country which makes its own

cases for all instruments. The cases, made of three-ply veneer, and lined throughout with a fine quality of silk plush, are tested and made as perfect as possible.

The final test and inspection of all woodwind instruments is made by Oscar Bauer who is recognized as an authority on reed instruments.

The repair department, in which every infinitesimal dent and mar is removed, the assembling department which puts an unbelievable number of parts—over 500—into the saxophones, and many into the other horns, and the finishing department in which the instruments are given the sand-blasting treatment to give them that frosted appearance, and are plated and burnished, are all interesting. Instead of burnishing against a buffing machine, as is done in so many institutions of this nature, the burnishing in the Holton company is done entirely by hand.

Raw material—sheets of brass, long pieces of tubing, etc., for a big department, later to be converted into the shining and beautifully decorated instruments heard played in the largest bands and orchestras.

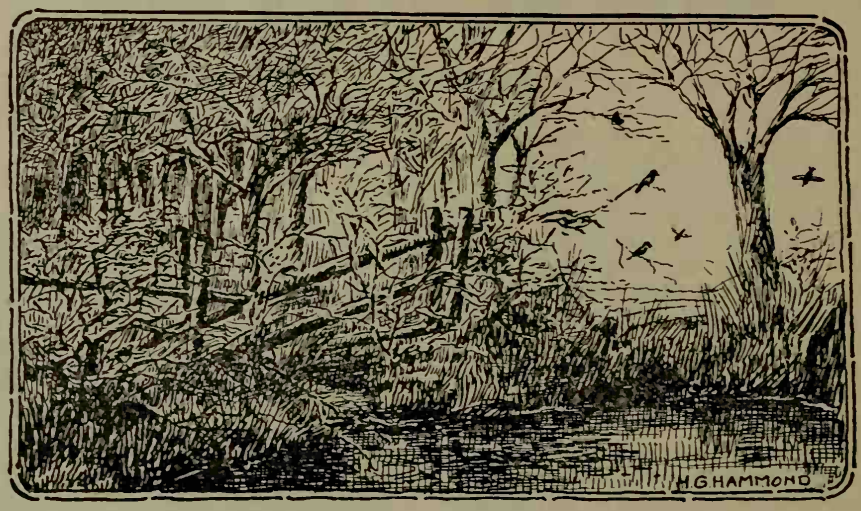
Elbert Hubbard, that genius who lost his life when the Lusitania was sunk, said of Frank Holton in "A Musical Melange:" "Over twenty years ago Frank Holton built his first trombone and from this beginning—slowly, cautiously, conservatively—he has built, enlarged, made additions and taken care of customers in a way that makes this the foremost institution of its kind in America. When they wish to use the superlative, they said 'This is as good as a Holton.' But beyond this they do not go. And in his own chosen work, Frank Holton has set the world a standard which his competitors have not approached, much less surpassed."

Frank Holton is the sort of man who walks three miles before breakfast each morning, just for the pure pleasure of it, who enjoys driving his motor car, and who plays a splendid game of golf.

Mrs. Holton has, this past winter, organized and directed a choir in one of the larger churches in Elkhorn, and has been the motive power behind some of the musical ventures of the city.

A few years ago the housing problem in Elkhorn seemed to be rather serious, and so, to solve the question for many of his employees, Mr. Holton opened a new subdivision in the outskirts of the city and built twenty-seven modern, attractive houses there. His own beautiful new residence is at the end of the avenue, facing the subdivision, Holton Heights.

Tall, erect, courteous, clean in every aspect of his private and public life, commanding, proud but not haughty, always charming, always pleasing in appearance and manner, Frank Holton today stands typical of the kind of man which has helped to raise the standards of business, proving to the world that the business man and the artist can be combined.



SANCTUARY

A patch of the primitive, where one may not tread,
Defended by hedge-thorn and briar and vine;
Last stand of the wilderness, which man's need has said
Must yield to the axeman its oak and its pine;
Yet forest to creeping things, roof-tree to sleeping things
That lodge in the wild.

Now huddled in friendliness, leafless your plight,
Buckthorn and bramble bush, cornel and rose,
In summer as rivals you fought for the light
And the right to the fruits that your tangles disclose;
Crimson their cerements, still flushed with the merriments
Of autumn's glad days.

Old nests in your branches once cradled new life,
Like pioneers' cabins in clearings forgot;
Cocoons in your fastness, with future hopes rife,
All speak of bright hours that were and are not.
Though flown are the fledglings, still clear from the hedge rings
A vesper note song.

. . . . . .

Quick flutter of wings—first herald of gloaming;
A chill in the air and a hint in the west;
A note of confusion from birds that are homing;
As under your thatching each urges its quest,
Now twittering uneasily nor chirping so breezily
As in the bright noon.

A stir in the leaves, where woodmouse yet fears
In fairyland forest to hunt 'neath the trees;
From nowhere, on sudden, a rabbit appears
To go on shift also as nature decrees;
While, darkening the sky, the arch of the twilight
Creeps up from the east.

Find refuge here, wildings, the thicket's your boon;
For creatures of forest, asylum is gone.
No more down the night wind the cry of the loon
Nor drinks at the brookside the timid red fawn,
While moonbeams are sifting and shadows are shifting
The woodland aisles through.

—Theo. H. Scheffer

New Year's Bells That Weren't Welcome

A Story for the Little Folks

By ALICE LUTES

Round and round the house he went.

DING, dong, ding, dong! rang out the merry bells on the still night air, although it was midnight and time for all respectable bells to be asleep.

"Listen!" said Tabby Cat, opening first one eye, then the other, as she crept lazily from under the stove. "Do you hear that, Tige? There must be a fire somewhere. Just listen to those bells clanging!"

"Fire, nothing!" replied Tige, crossly, for he didn't relish the idea of being awakened at this time of night just to hear a lot of foolish bells ringing.

"Well, then, if there isn't a fire, why are those bells ringing?" asked Tabby, yawning and stretching her gray back by humping it up in the middle. "I say, what is it then, Tige?"

"Oh, just bells ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in," replied Tige, sitting up and trying to look very wise, which he couldn't do, of course, because his eyes looked so sleepy. In fact, he looked so comical instead that Tabby just had to grin.

"What's wrong with the Old Year that those bells want to ring it out?" queried Tabby with a little, thoughtful pucker between her green eyes. "I think it has been a fine year and I want it to stay. We have had plenty to eat and a nice warm place to sleep in. Yes, I like the Old Year best. Don't you, Tige?"

"Oh, yes, we like it, but there are others who have not had all these comforts," said Tige, preparing to curl up on his rug by the warm stove for another nap. But just the moment his head touched his paws, the door flew open and in rushed Mr. and Mrs. Barlow and the two Barlow children.

"It is the New Year Bells, Daddy!" cried Teddy, clapping his hands excitedly. "The Old Year has gone and now it is the New Year, isn't it?"

"Yes. All of our past mistakes and troubles have flown away with the old year, and now we can begin all over again," said Daddy, opening the door just a little way so they might hear the bells better.

No one noticed Tige as he quietly slipped through the small opening and disappeared around the corner of the house, and presently the door was closed and the family went back to their beds.

But what about Tige!

Round and round the house he went in the deep snow, scratching on every door he saw, giving little whines now and then as he tried to hold his paws up out of the cold snow. In fact, he was 'most sure one of them was frozen this very minute.

"Ew-w-w-w!" he whined with a shiver. "I don't like this New Year one bit. I know it is much colder than the old one was. Oh, dear me, I wish I could get in," and he whined a wee bit louder.

This time Tabby Cat heard the whine, and when she jumped upon the window sill she could see him standing on his hind feet by the kitchen door scratching vigorously with his fore paws.

At the same moment, Tige spied her in the window and ran toward her eagerly, for he felt that she would help him somehow.

"Let me in, Tabby," he whimpered, holding up one paw then the other, his little body shaking with the cold. "I shall be frozen if I stay out one minute longer. I feel myself getting numb all over. Oh, hurry, please!"

At this, Tabby ceased her soft purring song of contentment and began to feel greatly alarmed lest her playmate should freeze to death. She knew it was very cold out there for she could feel the sharp sting of the air as it crept through the tiny crack under the window. But what could she do?

"I don't like this New Year," she scolded. "It has brought us bad luck the very first night. I wish those bells hadn't rung out the good Old Year. Meow! Meow!" Then she became so excited that she gave a spring which landed her on the kitchen sink near the door.

CRASH!

Down to the floor came the glass tumbler which one of the family had used to drink from just before retiring.

"There! I have broken another tumbler, I suppose," mused Tabby, peering over the edge of the sink with big, round eyes. "This makes the third one I have smashed inside of a month. I suppose those glasses are called tumblers because they are always tumbling about. And I suppose—"

But what she supposed this time was never found out, for the kitchen door flew open and Mrs. Barlow ran in just at this moment to learn the cause of the loud crash.

"So, it was you, naughty Tabby! And you have broken another glass," she scolded, "I've a notion to—Well, I declare! I do believe poor little Tige is out of doors!" and in a jiffy the door was thrown open, and in a very short second of time in sprang a small, shivering body which lost no time in getting to its warm bed near the stove.

"I am beginning to think as you do about the Old Year, Tabby," he said, as soon as Mrs. Barlow had returned to her bed and couldn't hear him talk.

Isn't it queer that animals don't want you to hear them talk. I wonder why.

"Yes, I don't see why those bells had to ring out the dear, Old Year when it was plenty good enough for anyone," scolded Tabby, as she curled up under the stove again and purred herself to sleep.

A homecoming crowd attending a baseball game in Waterloo's famous park.

How Waterloo Earned the Name of The Hospitable City

By EXILDA HACKETT WHITE

WHEN WISCONSIN realizes its dream of becoming the "Playground of the Middle West," Waterloo, a town of only 1262 inhabitants, will be shown with a big dot on its tourist maps, for the town has an enviable record for its hospitality. It has built during the past quarter century, a charming place in which to entertain. Who, in central Wisconsin, has not already heard of this hospitable place, the Waterloo Firemen's Park?

One of the marked indications of this hospitality is the Waterloo Homecoming, originated by the community in 1905 and now held every ten years. More than sixteen hundred former residents of Waterloo and vicinity were entertained in this park the first week in August, 1925, when the Firemen's Association held its third decennial Homecoming festival.

The guests came from everywhere, from Maine to Florida. No expense was spared. A ten thousand dollar show was given as entertainment. As many as ten thousand persons attended in one day. This is not too many for Waterloo's park. Thirty-five thousand have been brought together here for a Fourth of July celebration.

Hospitality is bred by sentiment, in home, community, state, or nation. Waterloo folk are sentimental. They have worked for twenty-five years, gratuitously, with many of their farmer neighbors, improving and adding to the acreage of this beautiful plot of ground with its natural amphitheatre, to make of it a play place for its own people, its neighbors, and the strangers within its gates. As a result of their efforts, they find that today there is not another park in the state, regardless of the size of the town, in which more people can be accommodated, kept comfortable, safe, and pleasantly entertained, than in their own beloved playground.

Shortly after the opening of the twentieth century, folks began wishing for a get-together center. Enterprising men of the community had felt this urge some years before, and had erected an opera house; but this furnished opportunity only for shows and dances, and as the lowering standards of road shows playing the smaller towns became more and more apparent, the desire for something different grew.

It was then that the late W. F. Lum put the suggestion that his wood lot, which would one day be the north-east portion of the little city, be converted into a park. It was a wood lot, pasture land, no more. But it contained a natural, three-sided amphitheatre seldom found in a spot convenient for park purpose.

The Firemen's Association accepted Mr. Lum's proposition, going in debt for the $3,400 required to pay for the tract of thirty-four acres. This meant debt and responsibility, but the trustees who signed the mortgage, F. A. Seeber, Charles Janisch, and the late Remegius Langer, believed they could enlist the support of their friends in putting "Lum's Woods" in condition to be called a "grove," as small town parks were then called.

Immediately, it was discovered that there was work for everybody! The Waterloo Firemen had "taken a child" to rear! They must guard it, nourish it, clothe it—and as soon as possible, teach it to earn its way in the world.

The firemen cleaned up the underbrush, cut a road in toward the amphitheatre, planned a ball game, a tug o' war, and other contests in addition to the fire-works for their first Fourth of July celebration—and the fight was on!

In the open space, before the sloping hillsides, grading was necessary, as well as clearing and seeding, to make of it a perfect baseball diamond; for the Maunesha River, wending its way through the park to the south and east, might, in a capricious moment, give the diamond a flooding, were it not at sufficient altitude to prevent.

As the years went by, the sloping hillsides were laid out in broad steps or seats of concrete, forming a stadium. When this cement was laid, the large beautiful trees were left growing exactly as nature placed them, a natural canopy for the spectators.

Just above the inner slope of the stadium, the pavilion was erected, cleverly laid out at an angle, so as to fit itself pleasingly into the semi-circular scheme of things. This is one of the largest pavilions, if not the largest, in the state—forty-four feet wide, and one hundred eighty feet long. It derives its name, "The Fairyland Pavilion," from its gay, bright and dainty decorations within. These are added to and enhanced each spring by the Juniors of the high school, in preparation for the prom to the Seniors.

Crowds at the park were inevitable, almost from the start, because, when they arrived they could always "see something" from the broad seats of the amphitheatre. As the crowds grew, more buildings were necessary. Comfort rooms came, large ones, equipped with running water and truly comfortable chairs.

Then the band stands had to go up, a merry-go-round became necessary for the children, new hard roads must be laid—one an entrance, through the large gate, the other, an exit, to avoid confusion.

There are a dozen dressing rooms for actors and players—such comfortable quarters as these folk seldom find elsewhere in their travels.

Every year a celebration has been given on July Fourth and on Labor Day; then early in August, a "fall festival" is given every year. With the increase of the crowds, as the park's

Where the inner wants of man are satisfied. The dining hall which seats from 300 to 400. The kitchen at one end is fully and modernly equipped.

income has made them possible, larger and better attractions have been procured. Now, the management finds it possible to buy the best of entertainment, and pays for it accordingly.

Three bands are hired, two baseball games—one of big league and the other of inter-county league teams—are arranged for, six or eight circus and vaudeville attractions are booked, and most of the able-bodied men and women in Waterloo and some from the surrounding country report at the park for work assigned them for the duration of the celebration.

More than seven hundred enthusiastic "patriots' are required to make any one of these great days a success. All of them, with the exception of a dozen or more who do the strenuous, confining labor, cheerfully devote the day or days to the service of the public, and make no charge to the Firemen's Association other than their admittance to the park and their meals while employed.

Hot meals are served, cafeteria style, in the basement of the pavilion, while hamburgers, ice cream, pop and confections may be obtained at the stands outside.

Prior to 1925, the "park help," as the volunteer workers are pleased to call themselves, ate at the dining hall with the public, but last year it was found necessary to erect a building most communities would be proud to call their pavilion—just for a dining hall for the helpers.

Other additions are made as rapidly as Firemen's Association funds will permit. Last year witnessed the clearing of a great marsh, which was tile drained and leveled off for the parking of a portion of the thousands of cars. One section of the marsh was converted into a children's playground with almost every imaginable form of fun equipment for the little folk. Not far from the play place, is the new merry-go-round. A part of the 1926 building program was to put a many colored rainbow permanent roof over this. One of the projects for the coming year or two will probably be a swimming pool, also in this reclaimed marsh section.

Beautiful Landscape

Flowers and shrubs are everywhere along the winding roadways of black cinders. Here and there is a bubbling fountain, with chairs and rest havens stationed at convenient spots among the many shade trees.

The park has two sacred spots, untrammeled. One of these is that set aside in honor of war veterans of all time. This was done at the time of the formation of a Supply Company for Wisconsin Regiment No. 4 at Uncle Sam's entrance into the World War.

The other place at which merry-makers pause for a moment, is the lovely, shaded green, surrounded by a walk, within which have been set markers commemorating the three boys who lost their lives overseas.

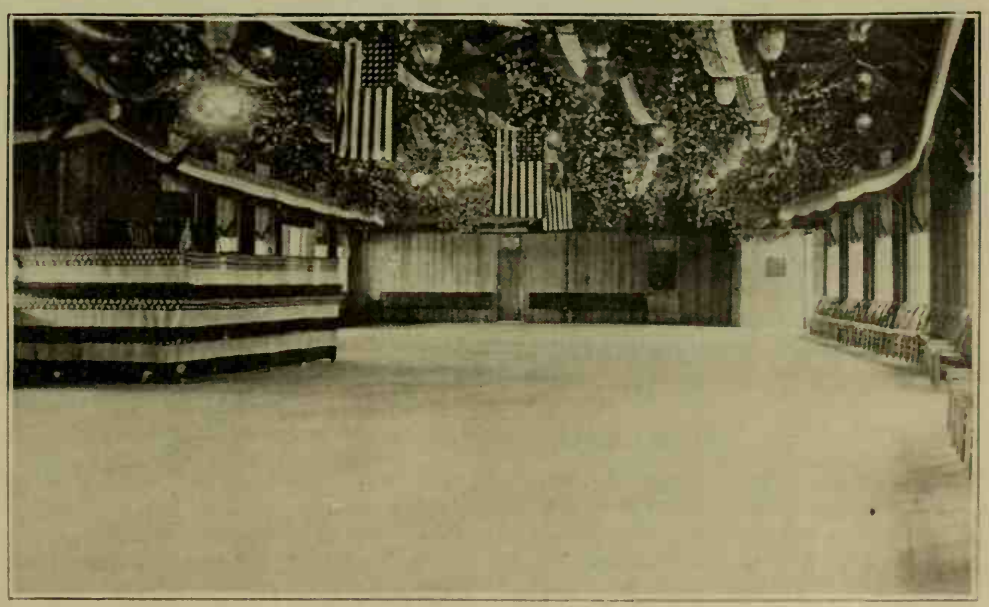
Waterloo Firemen's Park is a beauty spot to which picnic parties love to come. Local families find it a most convenient place to hold their family reunions, and lodges, clubs, and societies from a radius of one hundred miles are writing in for summer dates, asking the privilege of using the dining hall, and possibly chartering the merry-go-round.

Thus far, no charges have been made when the park has been used for gatherings of this nature. The good will and generous praise accorded the place by its visitors have been sufficient recompense. For praise there always is—instant, spontaneous.

Fred High, noted Chicago lecturer and writer, terms the place "Waterloo's $265,000 park." Mr. High believes that a great measure of the success of the park project is due to the fact that charges on every item at every celebration are made just as low as they can possibly be—because the work is done by the community, and the firemen desire the community families to enjoy the celebrations. No charge is made for parking of cars; only a nickel is asked for pop, ice cream cones, and other confections which bring a dime at most resorts; and meals in the dining hall are as good and as low in price as they could be at one's favorite dining place.

Probably Mr. High is right. Probably the low "gate tax" and the fact that the gate keepers are not very careful "nose counters" when they see that a man is driving in with his wife and family, and all the other little indications of generosity and hospitality have had something to do with the community's success in backing the firemen

(Continued on page 28)



Gay decorations abound at the pavilion in Waterloo Firemen's Park. The walls at one end are covered with white lattice work with flowers intertwined.

WHY NOT A STATE MUSEUM?

IN hundreds of Wisconsin attics, in old trunks, boxes, files, where moths and mice may feed upon them and fires destroy, lie countless treasures. Here are old pictures and documents, newspapers, magazines, private letters; all of them adding their testimony to the story of Wisconsin. Here also are objects of dress and adornment, games of amusement, old instruments, weapons of war and peace, utensils of kitchen, the forge, the apothecary shop; toys and trinkets of every description; all of them mutely contributing their bit of information, of color, of interest to the story of Wisconsin. They can help us visualize the history of our state, both as to events, manners and customs, and personalities.

Each year sees these treasures disappear. Families move from house to house, or from house to apartment, and many things are junked because of their age and the lack of space in the new quarters. Old pieces of furniture are daily thrown out, burned, or sold to the antique dealer, to give way to new parlor and bedroom pieces. The young people quickly dispose of the personal property of parents or grandparents, sometimes through ignorance ond often through indifference. Thus many valuable historical objects are lost or scattered when they should be preserved for the benefit of coming generations who will always have a curiosity to know "how they lived in the Long Ago."

Moreover, there are many people in the state who would be glad to present the state with objects of historical importance and interest, provided the state had an adequate building in which to house them.

The purpose of a state museum is, of course, not only to collect historical objects, but in assembling collections of animal and plant life which describe the state as it is today, perhaps including species which have become rare or even extinct.

From an educational viewpoint, a state museum is one of the most profitable investments which a state can make for its people. Many Wisconsin cities have recognized the value of museums and have made splendid progress in their development. The Milwaukee Museum naturally takes the lead, not only because Milwaukee is a large city but because the museum is financed on a mill-tax basis and so has kept step with the growth and prosperity of the city. Green Bay and Oshkosh have also shown what a little effort in this direction can do. In fact, those in charge of the Oshkosh Museum have expressed surprise that Oshkosh and vicinity should have held so many rare museum objects or the people be so generous in placing them in the museum.

In the meanwhile this important work is practically at a standstill as far as the state itself is concerned. The fourth floor of the State Historical Library has for many years been the home of the state museum collections, under the efficient charge of Dr. Charles E. Brown, eminent archæologist, Indian authority, and one of the most assiduous collectors in the United States. But the fourth floor makeshift has long ago been used to the last square inch of wall and floor space; valuable collection have been refused because of the lack of space, and many museum projects have been abandoned or held in abeyance until such time as the state shall awaken to this very serious demand and build a permanent and adequate museum building.

It is our hope that the next Legislature will give this matter friendly consideration. Meanwhile, if any of our readers are interested in the State Museum Building project, we shall be glad to have them write us their views.

———o———

A CUMBERLAND POET

WE do not like the word "poetess." It sets up a crude and unnecessary sex distinction in an art which has often been called the consummation of all arts. It is true that many women have developed a habit of breaking into rime whenever they view a sunset or whenever life cuffs their ears a bit. While they may have enough sense to know that their neighbors won't call them pianists after the third or fourth piano lesson, they seem to think that the writing of poetry is the result of a kind of uncontrolled ecstasy, and that if they can find enough words to make up a rime, they have at once graduated into that famous company presided over by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We are willing to call such as these "poetesses" (try to say it) in our milder moments. At other times, especially when the mailman unkindly brings us more than one of them in the same mail, we have invented "stronger and better" terms.

There are men, too, who perpetrate these offences, and then we grow impatient at our own lack of resourcefulness in finding appropriate expletives.

So, as to "poetesses," we would have it and them forever banished.

By this disagreeable route, we arrive at last at a pleasant subject, a Wisconsin woman who writes exquisite poetry. We call her "the Poet of Cumberland," for Miss Ruth Shryhock, whose poems occupy our "With Wisconsin Poets" page this month, calls Cumberland, Wisconsin, her home. She is at present a member of the Department of Literature of the University of Wisconsin. It is our hope that she may be able to devote more of her time in the future to creative writing, for the poems with which she has so kindly furnished our readers this month indicate that Wisconsin may surely look forward to some unusually beautiful poetic works from this Wisconsin poet.

———o———

TO MR. CLARENCE SHALER, of WAUPUN

DEAR MR. SHALER:

While you are picking roses and following the wary golf ball out in "sunny Californy," we have laid a plot against you in Wisconsin. In fact, there were three plots, though only one of them has succeeded. And of course there were three plotters: George Leon Varney, who used to live in your town and thinks you're made of pretty fine clay; L. A. Fisher, of THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE staff; aud last, and least, your friend, the editor of this here magazine. Each of us got an idea without letting the other two know about it. The result was three articles, with yourself as the hero and principal actor. What to do! Each of us was sure, and could prove by certain technical arguments which make up the abracadabra of writers, that his article was the best. In the end we settled it without bloodshed. You know, they say the pen is mightier than the sword, and there is no telling what might have happened if there hadn't been three straws handy. The editor got the shortest straw, and Mr. Varney drew the longest, which entitled him to the honor of telling the people of Wisconsin all about you. As for Mr. Fisher, he is just getting over his grouch as this number goes to press. In the words of Professor Meiklejohn, "Pulling straws doesn't settle an argument." But, it breaks many a deadlock!

And now that this one is broken, Mr. Fisher and the editor are both convinced that Mr. Varney has done a fine job in this article. We are especially happy that our magazine has the opportunity at this time of telling our readers about Waupun's most illustrious citizen, a man of whom Wisconsin is justly proud. We are only too sorry that stern necessity compels you to retreat to California's softer clime at this time of the year, for we would prefer to have you with us all the year around. But, we know, too, that you are counting the days until that sweet season when the lindens and the maples, the elms and the oaks of Waupun break from the cold hand of Winter and beckon you back to Wisconsin. You won't forget that you belong to Wisconsin, and neither will those of us who have learned to love you for your high ideals, your faith in the immortality of all that is beautiful, and the genuineness of your friendship. As you have brought light, inspiration, and good cheer to others, may your own days be filled with abundant happiness, even to overflowing.

Wisconsin's New Governor Says---

As I assume the office to which the people of Wisconsin have so generously elected me, I wish that all the people, whether they voted for me or not, might get a clear idea of the attitude with which I enter upon my new duties. Hence this brief greeting:

It is my ambition to be the governor of all the people of the state of Wisconsin, without regard for party, nationality, or creed.

To everyone who loves Wisconsin and is wholeheartedly willing to co-operate for her advancement, my hand will ever be extended in welcome.

As issues arise, I shall make the most determined effort to give all opinions, no matter how divergent, a fair and impartial chance to be heard, and I shall insist that the same spirit prevail in all state departments.

I do not care whether a citizen be rich or poor, so long as he thinks in terms of what is best for the entire commonwealth.

I do not care whether he be Democrat, Republican, Socialist, or what-not. What does matter to me is that he be honest in his convictions and have them grounded in facts.

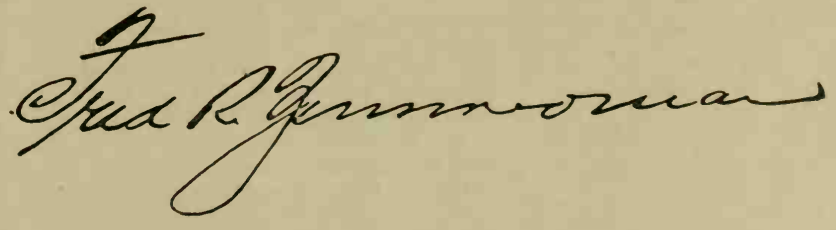
I do not care whether he or his ancestors came from Ireland, Norway, Germany, Poland, Palestine, or any other country, so long as he is a loyal, upright, law-abiding citizen.

Nor do I care what forms his worship of God may take. I am interested in people as citizens and particularly as citizens of Wisconsin.

There are many problems in our state calling for solution. The governor alone cannot find the right answer to them all. I want volunteers, and I heartily extend an invitation to all the intelligent men and women of Wisconsin, urging you to co-operate with me, to give me to the benefit of your experience, of your knowledge of facts, and of your judgments.

With these things in mind, I am grateful to the editor of "The Wisconsin Magazine," a publication which I esteem very highly, for giving me the opportunity of wishing its readers

A JOYFUL CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.



Feeding the Four Thousand

By Harold Baldwin

THE FARM KITCHEN, of Baraboo, operated by Mrs. Harold Baldwin, has won a place in the sun. Unique in its setting, the establishment entertained over four thousand tourists. In response to a request from The Editor, Mr. Baldwin herewith tells us the story of this venture.

OUR farm borders the state park which encloses beautiful Devil's Lake, a scenic gem of Wisconsin. Devil's Lake is visited by thousands every year.

Two years ago we opened up the Farm Kitchen as a home bakery. The venture was a success, but the tourists repeatedly asked, "Why don't you serve meals?"

The lady who tyrannizes over my household decided she would feed them this year.

Mrs. Harold Baldwin at the entrance to her Farm Kitchen.

The bakery had been successful enough to my way of thinking, but my better six-fifths desired even more shekels. Also her ancient longing for something after the style of a tea room would be gratified.

When her fiat had gone forth I fled in dismay to the barn, for bitter experience told me chaos would soon descend on mine houseplace. Chaos began by the tearing off of the ancient wallpaper that clung so tenaciously to the more ancient walls. We had only been in possession of the place a little over a year, hence the incompleted interior. The paper had done well enough when the bakery held sway.

My suggestion that this relic of the past be kept as a historical souvenir was vetoed on the grounds that tourists were more interested in the present of fried chicken than the past of mail order house tapestry.

My wife is exceedingly frank as to my artistic sense. She regrets its absence, but compromises by letting me fetch and carry for those who commune with the Muses. Thus it came that I was commandeered to gather up the paper and its attendant fragments and get it out of the way. This being done, I was allowed to stay in the barn as long as I pleased, while at mealtimes I was graciously permitted in the kitchen.

The gudewife went about in extremely high spirits, a long white coat, several coats of alabastine, and fearsome looking shoes—"just the things, you know, for this kind of work." As a distinguishing mark of her profession as home wrecker, she affected a permanent white spot on the tip of her nose.

I had arrived at the stage when the original features of the lady were becoming a shadowy memory, when she appeared one evening, sartorially splendid, and announced that I might take her to the movies. It was useless for me to remind her that I had been in the movies for several weeks myself, in the capacity of helpless property man. I carried chairs in my sleep and one sad night I was terribly distressed because I could not put a large wood heater upon the ridge of the roof to ease the pressure on the crowded yard.

It appeared that the walls of one room had been successfully alabastined, and some of the stuff adhered satisfactorily to the ceiling. The walls were an "awfully cute shade of cream"; the ceiling of whitish hue.

The other dining-room-to-be had a very becoming oil cloth wall paper sticking to its walls; a tile pattern, the savants said. The doors of our new haunt of piracy were painted an ivory color—at least they said it was ivory—and nothing remained to be done but the painting of countless chairs and half as countless tables.

I never slept better at the movies than I did on this occasion, for the nightmares had passed. Only the painting of the chairs and tables had yet to be done.

This painting was really a trifling job. The furniture was without paint when it reached us from the manufacturer, and each chair and each table required a mere four coats.

There was almost a day left before the opening day in which to apply valspar. Even the salt and pepper shakers took on the popular butter and eggs hue.

I was informed, on the best feminine authority, that the whole effect matched the design of the plates and dishes from which the diners were to eat. I enthused so naturally over the final result that I had to flee before the gleam in the wife's eye melted into speech.

The latter lady told me how grateful she was to Miss Frances Marquardt for her cooperation in choosing the colors and color scheme. I felt that my hither-

to friendly relations with my ruler's co-artist would be severely strained.

But what is the growling of mere man worth when the stronger sex has accomplished something?

Meets Approval

Everybody said it was "the cutest place," including the guests who had the temerity to take a chance on Farm Kitchen cooking. Someone has said that graves are too often dug by overworked molars. If this be true then the lady who had been inveigled by that scheming spouse of mine into preparing delectables has the blood of people in many states on her head.

With seating accommodation for twenty-six feeders at a time, the Farm Kitchen opened its doors to the unwary on the thirtieth day of June, A. D., 1924. It closed them early in September, having sent some 2,000 well fed people on their way. At the present writing inquiries keep coming in as to how many we could take care of on such and such a day. Next season the place laid its bait, for the passer-by from May on. I hesitate to say how many were turned away for the number was astounding.

Evidently our slogan, "We Grow What We Serve," has its appeal.

Cars carrying the license plates of states as far apart as California, Florida, and New York parked in our yard. We have not yet heard of any casualties among our visitors.

But the supreme test of all is the honor in one's own country, and fully one-half of our trade was done with the city of Baraboo. That our neighbors and patrons were satisfied was shown by the return visits they made.

One marked thing about the venture was the loyalty shown by the friends from nearby farms. They helped us make the Farm Kitchen.

Credit to Cook

First came the cook. All I have to say anent that finished practitioner is that if anything equalled her skill it was her calm practicality during rush hours. The thing was so new to the rest of us that at times we grew afraid of giving satisfactory service, but the unruffled one, who presided over the stoves, kept discipline in a way to make a newly made shavetail green with envy. She has since branched out for herself, and my better nine-eighths now carries on the artistry herself.

A bonnie high school girl from the farm just across the road fitted in very prettily with the place. Mind you this was the youngster's first debut before the gaze of strangers. She was nervous at the beginning—naturally—but the poise she acquired in next to no time was as refreshing as it was amusing. One of her most charming attributes is an unfailing good humor.

I have already spoken of the lady who used her good taste in aiding and abetting my wife with the painting orgy. I felt no pity for her as she bustled to and fro feeding those who admired her handiwork. She was as much at home with a tray as a paint brush.

Another of the clan Marquardt, for it was to that house they belonged, busied herself wherever the greatest stress was.

I make little mention of her who organized it all. She worked and schemed from sunrise to sunset, and to her too active brain the turmoil of the summer months is due.

The combination included the wife; the Misses Emma, Frances, Marguerite, and Delya Marquardt, and the two sisters Uphoff.

Serving chicken twice a week, over 150 unfortunate springers were executed, decapitated, drawn and quartered.

Dairying Helps

Milk and cream from four good cows were marketed right in our own house.

Such viands as Swiss steak, creamed chicken, fried, of that milk, potatoes variously presented, green vegetables in season—sometimes out of season—home made ice cream, pies of legion kinds, cakes ditto, tea and coffee, were served to some 600 in July, of the first year.

In August the number almost doubled. The place was supposed to close the day following Labor Day, but so many insisted on being served, that more than 2,000 had been fed when we were obliged to shut up shop.

Two rooms and a kitchen of an ordinary farm house comprise the entire tea room, or whatever its title should be.

One other grim contributor to the success of the enterprise I had almost forgotten. It is a surgeon's operating table—a gift from my father-in-law. I cannot say whether he presented it humorously or seriously. So far it has not been used legitimately, for the cook's method is a painless, delectable killing, but for stacking and what not of dishes the staff swears it is unrivalled.

This place is growing unwieldy, and the reputation it has built up has extended its season of activity beyond its former limits. This year we must have fed 4,000, or twice the number in 1924. Our own supply of chickens was exhausted before the end of July, while the ranks on the neighboring farms were terribly decimated. We have added three cottages to our establishment, and our ex-granary is now a three-roomed member of that ilk. All the conveniences of city life, that is, standard comforts, have been added.

This Farm Kitchen is managed by a Yankee college girl, who was not afraid to take a chance on the paucity of humor in the English and married one, said Englishman second in command is the writer.

Wisconsin is fifth among the states in potato production. Potatoes are the Wisconsin farmer's leading cash crop, and our state claims the largest potato farm in the world, with 18,000 acres.

Wisconsin has 2,217,000 dairy cows, or more than any other state in the United States.

INDUSTRY

I

Wisconsin's Industrial Dollars

By J. H. H. ALEXANDER
Wisconsin Manufacturers' Association

First of a series of articles on one phase of Wisconsin's greatness.

Every time your watch ticked off a second last year, Badger factories turned out manufactured articles worth $51.13.

Every minute of every day and night throughout the year our factories produced goods to the value of $3,067.91. This represents an hourly total of $184,074.88 for each of the twenty-four hours, or $4,417,797.26 every day of the year, Sundays included.

Equally surprising is the fact that, for every dollar derived from the sale of farm products, more than two dollars resulted from the sale of factory products. During the past year the total value of manufactured products was $1,721,501,000, as compared to a round sum of $780,616,000 for agricultural products. Why, then, is Wisconsin spoken of as the "diversified agricultural state" while the magnitude and diversity of her industries is generally ignored? When it is understood that in many instances as much as 95 per cent of the products of Wisconsin factories is sold outside the boundaries of the state, the "money pulling power" of our industrial plants is readily seen and appreciated.

Of the money brought into the state by the sale of manufactured products, the factories paid a total of $297,428,889 as wages to 247,757 employees, or an average of $1,200 per year. Factory wages paid the bills for 704 pounds of meat, 720 quarts of milk, 64 pounds of butter, 19 pounds of cheese, 80 dozen eggs and 10 bushels of potatoes for each factory employee's family of four, according to consumption per capita tables issued by the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce. Figured at market prices, this means that the family of every factory employee spent wages for farm produce as follows:

Meat, $182; milk, $72; butter, $28.80; cheese, $6.65; eggs, $28; potatoes, $10.

Saying the same thing in a different way, factory workers and their families consumed and paid for—with factory wages—a total of $45,091,774 for meat; $17,838,504 for milk; $7,135,401 for butter; $1,647,584 for cheese; $6,937,196 for eggs and $2,477,570 for potatoes. This sums up to the grand total of $81,128,029 spent for the six commodities enumerated.

NEW BOOKS

IN resuming our book-review column, we are assuming that many of our readers are going to spend their winter evenings reading books that will entertain and stimulate. The books listed below are books that we have read and which we can recommend. They may not all be to the liking of all our subscribers, but we are sure that among the lot of them each of you will find what you want:

To take the fiction first, let us recommend **The Worm Ouroboros,** by E. R. Eddison (Albert & Charles Boni). It fascinates not only because of its story of another world, far removed from our own work-a-day place, but because it is one of the finest contributions made to English prose writing in many a year.

Then along comes Meade Minnigerode (who wrote that tantalizing book called **The Fabulous Forties**), with **Cordelia Chantreli,** (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a novel of Civil War times. Mr. Minnigerode knows history, and he knows the art of the novelist. In this book he has married the twain in beautiful fashion.

Our own native novelist, Robert E. Pinkerton, has written one of his typical hero-in-the-great-outdoors novels, particularly interesting because of its reference to Wisconsin lumbering days, **White Water,** (The Reilly & Lee Co.). It will keep you awake.

Chevrons (Doran), by Leonard Nason, is a "What Price Glory" novel of the so-called "late war," but it is a great deal more subtle in its handling of doughboy psychology. Truthful, we think.

Fraternity Row (Doran), Lynn & Lois Montross. If you enjoyed the ancient "Siwash Tales," this book of short connected stories will tell you something about college life "as is." Exaggerated, to be sure, but the truth lies just around the corner.

And now for the more serious books. There is one called **Master Man Hunters** (The Macaulay Company), by Joseph Gollomb. It tells about Scotland Yards, the Paris, Berlin, and Vienna detective bureaus, and does it cleverly and entertainingly by means of actual stories, better than most detective stories. The author makes the astounding statement that a criminal is 130 times safer in New York than he is in London. As to Chicago, apparently he can't count that high. Who can? This book show us up. It should be read. It might arouse us to the most shameful situation confronting our country today—our failure to cope with the criminal. "Last year," says the author, "there were two hundred and sixty-two murders committed in New York, the majority of them going unpunished. But only twenty-seven murders were committed during the same period in London, all but two of them being traced and brought to trial by Scotland Yard." And Chicago?!

Calvin Coolidge, author! If one were to read "Foundations of the Republic"—Speeches and Addresses by the President of these United States—and lay aside all reservations and prejudices, he would surely think that all the social and political wisdom accumulated during the restless history of our country had found expression through our President. It is an astonishing collection. Worth the time of anyone. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is an interesting book recently published by Brentano's, called "The Great American Ass," which purports to be an autobiography, though the author doesn't sign his name. It is a beautiful piece of satire, directed at the sacrosanct Puritans and their descendants, in which a son totally destroys his villainous father. The author has discovered that his New England suckling has left him a "blithering ass," and he tells us about it in a most interesting manner. It will keep you awake, make you smile, make you think—make you swear, perhaps, if you're a Puritan.

We have had a wonderful time with **Denatured Africa.** (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Daniel W. Streeter gives us a humorous and yet realistic and vivid description of his experiences while hunting in Africa. There is a chuckle in every paragraph; sometimes more, especially if you are fed up on those serious books about big-game hunting in the dark continent. You'll like it, no matter who you are.

Two books about cowboys and their horses. **The Cowboy and His Interpreters,** by Douglas Branch (D. Appleton and Company), illustrated by the artists Will James, Joe De Yonge, and Edward Russell, tells a lot about "those good old days," when cowboys were picturesque adventurers, and horses were —well—Then there is **Smoky,** written and illustrated by Will James, author of **Cowboys North and South,** published by Scribners, a beautiful story of a horse. We read it in one long sitting. So will you.

So This Is Jazz, by Henry O. Osgood, (Little, Brown and Company), is a sane inspection of that much disputed child of Americana—jazz. It doesn't defend jazz as music, merely tells what it is, but the telling is mighty interesting and shows the author to be a knowing musician and a clever writer. Of course you have argued about jazz. We all have. Here are the facts about it.

The popularity of Milt Gross' **Nize Baby,** (George H. Doran Company), is running like wildfire through the country. This is an American classic. It could not have been produced elsewhere, for only America produces the side-splitting Jewish dialect which Milt Gross has so excellently illustrated and wrought into English syllables for us.

Another humorous piece is Fitshugh Green's **I'll Never Move Again,** (E. P. Dutton & Company), dedicated to the "92,864,523 tenants, owners, and landlords in the United States." With all its funning, it contains some sound advice on this important matter of a roof over our heads.

The Third Act in Success, by A. A. Milne, (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of the most exquisite bits of romance that it has been our pleasure to read in many a moon. It isn't sentimental, but it makes your heartstrings twang.

Ladies, Attention! There's a new cook-book out, and it's a dandy, from its title **Feed the Brute** to the last little recipe on Coffee Mousse. Get it and try it on the brute. He'll like it.

Wisconsin's Family Tree

A unique exibit, for the benefit of visitors to the Historical Library, August 14, (Homecoming), was in the Division of Public Documents. It was called, "Wisconsin's Family Tree" because it gave, in concise form, the line of descent of our state from a portion of the wilderness. The story was told, in outline, as follows:

1634—Discovered by Nicolet.
1671—Annexed to Kingdom of France.
1763—Transferred to Great Britain.
1783—Ceded to the United States.
1784—Virginia's claim surrendered to United States.
1785—Massachusetts' claim surrendered to the United States.
1786—Connecticut's claim surrendered to United States.
1787—Incorporated in the Northwest Territory.
1800—Given to Indian Territory.
1809—Annexed to Illinois Territory.
1818—Attached to Michigan Territory.
1836—Set off as an Independent Territory.
1848—Entered Union as a State.

The public documents verifying and illustrating the changes were on exhibit, and also maps showing to the eye precisely what each statement meant geographically.

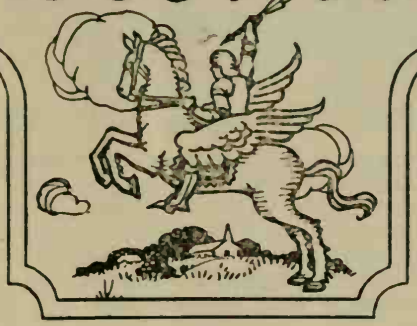
A schedule of the foregoing dates posted up on the school bulletin boards will help the pupils to learn the Wisconsin historical outline.

"A Prayer"

Father, forgive, I did not mean to sin;
T'was not the heart but lips that spoke,
Wrung out by life's tumultuous din.
Others can see and hear the sins I do,
But when I turn my eyes to Thee
I feel my Father knew—
My Father knew what caused my lips to say
The words I uttered, when my heart would pray.
Repentant I come pleading at the door;
Put on my lips a watch
That I may sin no more.

—Harriet T. Spencer

With Wisconsin Poets



Aftercourses

He thrust a rose in his buttonhole,
And preened his clothes, and dusted his soul
Of the rubbish that grows in the course of a year,
And he strolled away in the light of the moon,
Lost in the dream of a former June,
Charm of a soft, relucent moon,
By the odorous hedge of syringa sprays,
On the backward road of his yesterdays,
In the magic maze of the lunar sphere.

But he swore at his mood in an hour or two,
In the midst of saner things to do—
His pipe to smoke, and his book half-through,
And a chat with his wife of his bright career.

She counted the wrinkles under her eyes,
And dabbed on some rouge with dolorous sighs,
Mindful of lighter years at her glass;
And she went for a walk in the mad, mad moon,
Thinking the thoughts of another June,
In the golden, glamorous glow of the moon;
The syringa swayed in the ghostly rays
Eerie white in the lunar haze
Softly laid on the fragrant grass.

And back in her room, from her desk she took
Letters and flowers, a fan and a book,
And she watched the fire from the inglenook
Till they burned away in a gray white mass.

—RUTH L. SHRYHOCK

Sonnet to One Beloved

Like streak of morning through my darkness sped,
Thou are the answer to my unbelief,
A ceremonial grace about me shed,
Putting to flight my night's besetting grief.

Though I am always poor and small beside
The growing dream of thee, no flower so frail
But under sun's caress would open wide
And its auroral heart to life unveil.

How shall I think of death or loss or pain,
Remembering thee? What woe of life avail
To bow me down? What lesser day profane
The past? My sanctuary's strength assail?

How shall I mind the tracery of years
Upon my face, with thee to still my fears?

—RUTH L. SHRYHOCK

Treasures

Three things of earth I love are these:
The way an ancient linden tree
Upon an outworn hill holds root,
Rocks...in a long...night wind...slowly,
Pervades the dark with presences,
And soft, leaf-fretted cadences;
Despairing proudly in the fall,
And prey of winter agonies,
Its mass a gaunt grotesquerie
Of twigs whose choruses are mute,
But vernal beauty at the call
Of April sun and honey bees.

I love the monotone of rain
All night long till morn again
Beating its tireless, old refrain;
Sleep lies on me like poppy dust
From pale, decaying blossoms crushed,
Till I am all inert in dream—
Like vagrant voyager of old
Adrift in equatorial night,
No pilot but a water sprite,
Star-set, bewitched in Luna's stream
Of soft, lethargic, timeless light—
With waves of sleep upon me rolled.

I love the opalescent light
That signals in an August sky
The pageant of the coming night;
Against a sapphired, crystal wall
A thousand gardens westward lie,
That flower round the stellar ball
With amaranth and tulip bowls;
And when the darkness on them rolls,
The living colors wax and wane,
Like love become regret and pain,
The passionless pathos we feel
Over our first awareness steal.

—RUTH L. SHRYHOCK

The Willows

An ample beauty dwelleth here
As though a thousand kings had trailed
Their gold and ermine in this place,
And queens in regal splendor veiled
Had flirted from the willow lace
That breaks the sun along the way
And glimmers in the lake-blown spray.

And all the little stars careen
Out of the clouds and back again,
Keeping an eye on the road and then
Napping a wink or two between.

What say the willows bending low,
Fretting the grasses to and fro?
"'Twas about a thousand years ago
They loitered here, a king and a queen
We love, and ever we look for them
Walking at evening the willow road;
We are waiting still for the sight of them.

"For they loved all beauty truly, well;
And they may be needing, who can tell?
Rest and beauty before they go
Out of the cool of the willow row."

—RUTH L. SHRYHOCK

A Pastel

The little hills of Cumberland are faintly green today;
Far in the windy sky they rise, new-dressed for youthful May;
With birch and pine and poplar grove, and willow coronal
Set round; a thousand songs at dawn, and evening madrigal.

Oh, they in their young loveliness are charming sights to see,
Gay as my first delight in them, corruptless, ageless, free;
Rich as my first content in them that thought they bounded earth,
And knows today how close they bounded heaven after birth.

To them I used to breathe my joys and take my tears for ease;
Oh, now in spring they reach me far on any vagrant breeze,
And I am on those hills, beneath those pines again, at rest,
I who have been too long away to come but as a guest.

—RUTH L. SHRYHOCK

Lines Written Above Lake Mendota

Lake and hill are all one splendid field
Under the moon, white, languorous, chill;
How many lovers' lips have taken their fill
Of joy on such a night, their anguish sealed!

How many moons, how many a blazoned plain
Beneath such light has fallen thus to rest!
And here envisioned, out of living pressed,
How many an ardent fancy stirred the brain!

The very rhythm of this lucent air
Is populous with voices, till the mind
Becomes too sentient to be part of earth
In peace, of beauty all too much aware;
Here for the moment is a fancy worth
Our vanished years, all for this night designed.

—RUTH L. SHRYHOCK

Up and Down Wisconsin

Neighborly Notes About Badger Folk and Communities

EDITED BY E. E. PRICE

Committees that have been conducting a drive for funds with which to build an addition to the hospital at **Plymouth** report that work is progressing nicely. Contributions are being sought, not only within the city limits of Plymouth, but throughout Sheboygan County.

Seventy-five men and boys attended the Father and Son Banquet at the Congregational church at **Rhinelander**, and heard several pleasant talks and excellent musical selections. The program, carrying out the thought of the father and son as a team, had for its slogan, "The world neads the team."

A freak lilac plant near **Mayville** bloomed in spite of several snow flurries in the late fall. Both buds and matured flowers were on the bush, while all of the neighbor lilac bushes were leafless and lifeless.

As soon as the school children of **Whitewater** learned, late on election day, that the $170,000 project for a new high school was carried by popular vote, they let the town know of their joys by ringing the bell in the old school, shooting fire crackers, singing, and parading the streets. Teachers and townspeople joined with the students in their demonstration of joy.

J. H. Cartwright, 86, of **Dodgeville**, is the state's oldest jeweler, having been in the business for sixty-seven years, and for the last forty-eight years located at Dodgeville.

A recent action of the city council of **Ripon** will give the city a better lighting system than it has had in the past. The candle power of the White Way system was changed from 250 to 400, and residential street lights now burn all night. Forty-four new ornamental lighting posts will be installed by the first of July.

Through the persistent and determined efforts of Dr. W. C. Sullivan, mayor of **Kaukauna**, and Joseph W. Lefevre, city attorney, the city of Kaukauna now possesses Kline's park, an ideal beauty spot in the Third ward.

Big Bend celebrated the one hundredth birthday anniversary of its oldest citizen, William Auten, with appropriate exercises at the local Baptist church. Mr. Auten enlisted in the Union army in 1862 and served during the remainder of the war. He was the oldest member present at the last G. A. R. meeting held in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Rowdon, of **Lancaster**, aged 87 and 85 respectively, celebrated their sixty-eighth wedding anniversary in company with more than two dozen relatives, at their home recently. They have three children, nine grand children, and five great grandchildren. Both are enjoying good health at their advanced age.

A fire of unknown origin threatened, for a time, to wipe out the entire business section of the village of **Babcock**. The direction of the wind, and the combined efforts of the fire companies from the neighboring cities of Port Edwards, Nekoosa, and Pittsville, are all that saved the village. Four buildings were lost, including a creamery, a grocery, a combined pool hall and barber shop, and the Levin store building.

The **Luck** high school annual, the "Horseshoe," was awarded first place at the National High School Annual contest, in competition with nearly five hundred other high schools in the United States. While Luck high school has but 104 students, it competed with schools having an enrollment up to 300 students. In the last four years, Luck high school has won two firsts, one second and one third in the contest. This is an enviable record, and one of which Luck may feel proud.

Dr. William A. Ganfield, president of Carroll College, was the principal speaker at the dedication of the **West Bend** high school, where the large gymnasium was filled with an interested and enthusiastic audience gathered to celebrate the event.

The Old Time Dancers, Fiddlers, Harmonicas, and Callers Contest, sponsored by the Edwin Elefson Post No. 117 of the American Legion at **Shawano**, portrayed the good times of not-so-long-ago, to five hundred enthusiastic folks from Shawano and neighboring towns. Art Schoenicke, of Clintonville, was declared to be the best fiddler at the contest, and Mrs. Herman Kupsky, of Shawano, placed first in the harmonica contest. Jerome Lawe, of **Keshena**, was awarded first prize as best caller. Upon the completion of the contest, the old-time fiddlers orchestra struck up tunes that kept the merry crowd going until a late hour.

The completion of the new Holy Cross hospital at **Merrill** gives the city another building of which it may justly feel proud. The building is of Swiss style architecture located on an elevated ten-acre site amid magnificent trees. The high elevation of its grounds adds to its Swiss appearance. The building is 51 by 151 feet, and 60 feet high, and was erected at a cost of $275,000.

The dedication of the new First Methodist Episcopal church in **Sparta**, replacing the old frame building erected in 1856, was a community event of unusual interest and importance. The new temple is of Tudor-Gothic architecture, 74 by 106 feet. A sixty-foot tower without the spire affords a belfry large enough to contain a set of chimes. It is estimated that the total cost of the new temple will approximate $80,000.

A commission of **Milwaukee** engineers, under the chairmanship of C. U. Smith, city harbor terminal director, has undertaken to study plans to determine how the transportation needs of the city's workers, school children, and theater and holiday crowds may be made faster and more direct and convenient. Problems of extending or rerouting street car and bus lines, widening of streets, and establishing arterial highways will be considered after preliminary surveys have been made.

Evening schools are popular with **Kaukauna** people. Large enrollments are reported for classes in commercial training and in the cooking and sewing classes. Chemistry and electrical classes also have a good attendance.

Our Lake

(Lake Chetek, Wis.)

We love her on a night like this,
When Lady Moon looks down,
And lays her White Way, like a kiss,
Across the waters brown.
Sometimes we think we love her best
As dreamily she lies,
With sunset colors on her breast,
And in her depths, the skies,
And when her waves are flecked with foam,
We love their boisterous play;
Like white plumed soldiers on they come,
In suits of green and grey,
But often, veiled in silvery mist,
All silently she goes
To keep some well appointed tryst,
Which only nature knows.
Fair Lake, by sun and shadow wooed,
By wanton winds caressed,
Whatever be your changing mood,
That mood we love the best.

—May Smith Boyd

Civic Clubs

Edited by E. E. PRICE

In order to promote the civic, industrial, agricultural, and professional interests of the community, the **Oregon** Civic Club was recently formed with seventy-five charter members. At the first meeting there were enthusiastic talks by Glen Stephens, Madison attorney, and A. H. Sholts, president of the First National Bank of Oregon. Arthur Criddle was elected president of the new organization.

* * *

Kewaunee County has a rural planning committee, the purpose of which is to beautify the many small plots of ground throughout the county that have resulted from the re-location of highways in rounding corners. Trees will be planted on the barren spots so that within a few years they will become places of beauty.

* * *

That town and country are inseparable was well demonstrated when the **Two Rivers** Rotary Club was entertained at a banquet and program given by the farmers of the vicinity. A very pleasant evening was had with singing, speech-making, and smoking, in addition to the banquet. Ex-congressman Riley, of **Fond du Lac**, was the principal speaker of the evening. Henry Goedjen presided, and George Anderes lead in the singing.

* * *

More than fifty farmers were guests of the **Hartford** Association of Commerce at the Farmer's-Business Men's banquet, held for the purpose of cementing together the interests of town and country. Songs, talks, and an excellent dinner made the evening a pleasant one.

* * *

Efforts are being made to beautify the grounds of **Marinette County's** 140 rural schools through parent-teacher associations and women's clubs. The movement was started by Mrs. Gertrude Schwittay, county superintendent of schools, at the convention of the county federation of women's clubs. County Agent Drewery has promised to secure twenty-five trees for each school if desired by the people of the respective districts.

* * *

The bath house build by the Kiwanis Club of **Oconto** was officially presented to the city at a recent luncheon of the club. In accepting the gift for the city, Mayor Carl Riggins pointed out that the bath house and park would help to advertise Oconto to summer tourists.

Wisconsin, though eighth in tobacco production, is the leading producer of cigar type tobacco, and tobacco ranks second among Wisconsin's cash crops.

Lumber jacks in front of shanty of Rust-Owen Lumber Co., in Drummond where the last virgin pine forests remain.

Old Timer

Careless of danger to life or limb;
Laughing at heat or cold;
High adventure a prize to him,
Dearer than minted gold;
Scoffing alike at his foeman's might,
Or frowns, however, black;
Ready for work, or fun, or fight;
The old-time lumber-jack.

Breasting the trail in the waning night;
Wolfing a snack at noon;
Back to camp by the ghostly light
Shed by a rising moon;
Peril and toil of the hours between
Lost in the smoky glow
Where hard men chanted "Bonnie Jean,"
Or bellowed "Young Monroe;"

Betting his life on a cant-hook bite,
Or frosty decking-line,
Stopping the top-log's whirling flight
With judgment sure and fine;
Flirting with death on the skidway's face,
Where, bound by ice and snow,
Grim monsters, lightly held in place,
Menace the road below;

Out on a jam where the key-logs hide,
And peaveys clank and bend,
Where small logs smash or leap aside
When giants start on end;
Carelessly treading a white-pine steed,
Riding the freshet's crest;
Hardiest of a hardy breed,
Harbinger of the rest;

Proud of his untamed hardihood;
Proud of his strength and skill;
Master-craftsman of stream and wood,
Moulding them to his will;
Blessings upon him, alive or dead,
Who made our pathway clear;
Herald of progress' westward tread;
Scout of the pioneer!

—J. R. REID

A few thousand virgin pine logs at a Drummond camp.

Diamond Jubilees

The past year was a year of diamond jubilees for many Wisconsin corporations. In preparing its seventy-fifth anniversary edition, the New York Times recently listed all the cities, business firms, colleges, and newspapers of the United States that have been in existence seventy-five years.

Among the Wisconsin cities there appear only Milwaukee, Kenosha, and Racine. Green Bay, the oldest settlement of the west, was not incorporated as a city until 1854. Wisconsin educational institutions that have celebrated their diamond jubilees are the University of Wisconsin and Lawrence, Carroll, and Ripon Colleges.

Wisconsin newspapers that were founded three quarters of a century ago are Telegraph-Courier, Kenosha; Grant County Herald, Lancaster; Wisconsin Farmer, Madison; Sentinel, Milwaukee; Wisconsin State Journal, Madison; Wisconsin News, Milwaukee; Tribune, Mineral Point; and Courier, Prairie du Chien.

But one bank, Marshall and Illsley Bank, Milwaukee, has such a long existence. Other firms, however, with the same age are: Allis-Chalmers Co., West Allis; Ringling Brothers, Baraboo; Fuller & Johnson Mfg. Co., Madison; Fifield Lumber Co., and J. Sutherland & Sons, Janesville; also the following Milwaukee firms, David Adler & Son, Val Blatz Brewing Co., Dahlman & Inbusch Grocery Co., Dyer Mfg. Co., Goll & Frank Co., R. A. Johnston & Co., Joys Bros. Co., Kirby House, Co., Milwaukee Sausage Co., Charles Munquist, H. Niedecken & Co., Pfister & Vogel Leather Co., Plankinton Packing Co., Jos. Poehlmann Baking Co., John Pritzlaff Hardware Co., Reichel Korfman Co., Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., W. & E. Schmidt & Co., Wisconsin Ice & Coal Co., Wisconsin Printing Co.

TUBERCULOSIS MAXIMS

Health is wealth.

A bathtub is not a finger bowl.

Tuberculosis is no game for pikers.

Sleep with the windows open and the mouth closed.

Never put off until tomorrow the milk you should drink today.

Physical rest exerts its fullest effect only with the mind at ease.

A good complexion cream is cream on the inside and sunlight on the outside.

Tuberculosis is like a house on fire; it can be put out only when discovered early.

—North Carolina Health Bulletin.

Perhaps He Was Going Fishing

Two elderly men, both extremely deaf met on a country road. Dave had a fishing pole in his wagon. When he saw his friend, Jim, he stopped the horse. "Goin' fishin'?" shouted Jim.

"No." Dave replied. "I'm goin' fishin'."

"Oh," said Jim, " I thought mebbe you was goin, fishin'."—The Open Road.

North Wisconsin in History and Romance

FATHER LOUIS HENNEPIN

XXII

By JUSTICE C. H. CROWNHART

(Continued from the December issue)

Duluth found Father Hennepin, a captive of the Sioux 80 leagues down the Mississippi from the mouth of the St. Croix. There he was with a band of a thousand or more Indians who were engaged in a buffalo hunt in western Wisconsin.

Father Hennepin was a Franciscan friar, who, clad in the garments of the order—a long robe of grey with cowl and cord, and with sandals on bare feet —essayed the role of discoverer and explorer of "a vast country in America." He was a native of Flanders and a subject of Spain, yet he fashioned his footsteps in the New World in the service of the French King as a companion of the great LaSalle.

Father Hennepin was of the "earth earthy." By profession a priest, he did not fail to take a lively interest in worldly affairs. He was filled with "wanderlust;" he possessed the spirit of adventure; he craved fame; he was neither meek nor lowly; he devoted himself not alone to saving souls; he sought to glorify himself in the eyes of men. Hennepin was vain. More than that, he was willing to detract from the fame of his fellowmen in order to add lustre to his own exploits. But with all his faults Hennepin was brave and daring; he accepted great hardships uncomplainingly; he explored a wilderness inhabited by an unknown and savage tribe of Indians; he was frequently in peril of his life; he wrote a most entertaining account of his travels. In his writings, he is accused, on seemingly good evidence, of substituting fiction for fact in order to exalt the part he played.

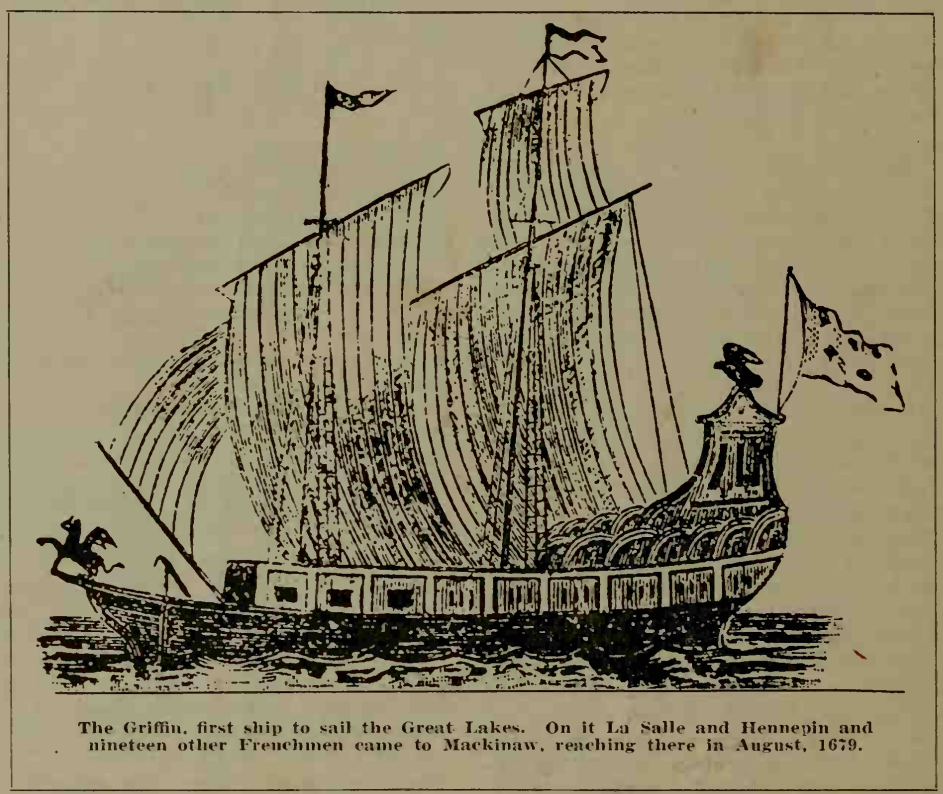
Hennepin came over to New France in the same boat as LaSalle, with whom he was soon to join his fortunes. It was the custom of the French government to send representatives of the church to accompany its officials seeking new lands and riches for the emperor, Frontenac, then governor of New France, in league with LaSalle, Tonty and Duluth, had little use for the Jesuits and therefore picked upon Fathers Hennepin, Gabriel and Membre of the Recollect order, to accompany LaSalle in his great enterprise.

LaSalle built and fitted out the Griffin at Niagara, a little sailing ship of 45 tons burden, the first ship to sail the Great Lakes. On it he and Hennepin and nineteen other Frenchmen came to Mackinaw, reaching there in August, 1679. After trading with the Hurons and Ottawas there for some time, LaSalle and party sailed from Mackinaw to Pottawatamie Island, or as now named, Washington Island, at the mouth of Green Bay. Here the Griffin was loaded with furs and sent back to Niagara with a crew of five men. She was never heard from again, and it is probable that she sank with all on board.

On the 19th of September, 1679, LaSalle's party, consisting of fourteen men in all, including himself and Hennepin, continued their voyage in canoes toward the head of Lake Michigan. Hennepin records the trip and many thrilling adventures connected with it. Eventually LaSalle's party reached a point on the Illinois river where they built Fort Crevecoeur and there remained during the winter. The following spring, 1680, LaSalle sent Hennepin and two Frenchmen to explore the upper Mississippi. They were to go in a canoe by the way of the Illinois and Ohio rivers to the Mississippi and thence up that great river.

Hennepin did not wish to go, but finally consented on the advice of his superior, Father Gabriel. Exhibiting his usual egotism he wrote: "Anybody but me would have been very much frightened at the dangers of such a journey; and in fact, if I had not placed my trust in God, I should not have been the dupe of the Sieur de la Salle, who exposed my life rashly." Hennepin was accompanied by two Frenchmen, Accau and du Gay.

It was on the last day of February, 1680, the party of three set out in a canoe well laden with tobacco, knives, beads, awls, and other goods so much desired by the Indians. From Hennepin's account of the trip he was the dominating personality, and it is to Hennepin's account that we are indebted for the description of his travels. Yet Parkman says that Accau was chief of the party.



The Griffin, first ship to sail the Great Lakes. On it La Salle and Hennepin and nineteen other Frenchmen came to Mackinaw, reaching there in August, 1679.

Proceeding on their way they reached the "great river," the Mississippi, without mishap, and they then turned the canoe upstream and reversed the course of Marquette and Joliet in 1673 when they paddled down the river. When Hennepin and his companions reached the mouth of the Wisconsin river they were to enter into a land which up to that time had been explored by no white man so far as known. And it was while making this voyage that they fell in with a band of Sioux and were made captives. The Sioux spared their lives largely through the intercession of a great chief, Oasecoude or the "Pierced Pine," but their belongings were more than once tampered with, and on occasion they were compelled to make presents to the Sioux to save trouble. Hennepin was adopted by one of the Sioux chiefs, who treated him ill. The company camped for some time on the shores of Lake Pepin, as now known, which Hennepin named "Lake of Tears" from the fact that some of the Sioux wept such copious tears over the Frenchmen at this place. This was a custom of the Sioux as an expression of either friendship or sorrow; it was this cus-

tom that caused the Ottawas and Hurons while encamped on the Island opposite the present city of Red Wing to mistake the Sioux for weak men like women—a bad mistake for these erstwhile wanderers in the woods of Wisconsin to escape the Iroquois.

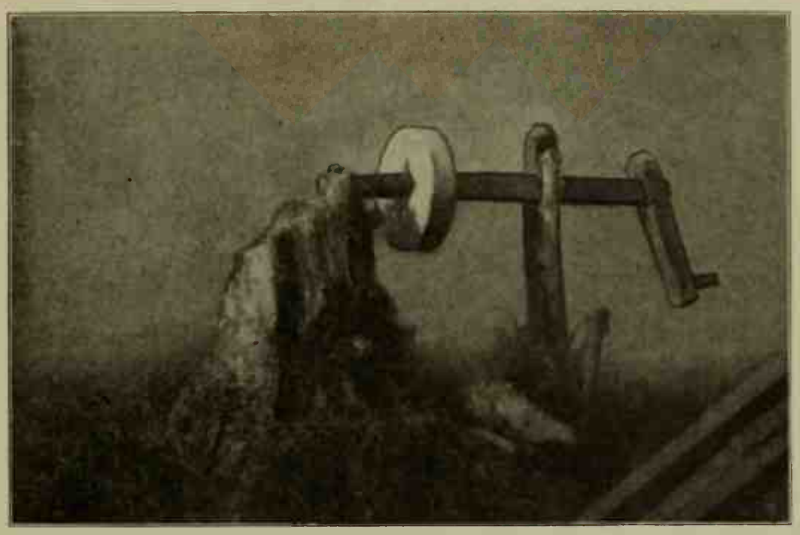
From the "Lake of Tears", later to be named "Pepin", after a companion of Duluth, the friar with his captors had passed the river, which Hennepin calls "The River of the Wild Bulls," as he says, "because of the great number of those beasts grazing upon its banks." These beasts were the buffalo, and the stream retains the name given it by Hennepin, slightly modified, that is, Buffalo River.

The band came to the mouth of the St. Croix river, named by Hennepin for an Indian who had been bitten by a rattlesnake and buried there, "River of the Grave." Hennepin says of the "River of the Grave" that "one may go into the upper lake (Lake Superior) by making a portage from it into the River Nissipkout (Brule) which runs into the same lake." A truth which Duluth was to prove a little later the same year when he came from Lake Superior to the Mississippi by that route.

The trip of Hennepin on the Mississippi is beautifully pictured in fancy by the master hand of Parkman. He says: "If Hennepin had had an eye for scenery, he would have found in these his vagabond rovings wherewith to console himself in some measure for his frequent fasts. The young Mississippi, fresh from its northern springs, unstained as yet by unhallowed union with the riotous Missouri, flowed calmly on its way amid strange and unique beauties—a wilderness, clothed with velvet building, and before long the staff of grass; forest-shadowed valleys; lofty heights; whose smooth slopes seemed leveled with the scythe; domes and pinnacles, ramparts and ruined towers, the work of no human hand. The canoe of the voyagers, borne on the tranquil current, glided in the shade of gray crags festooned with honeysuckles; by trees mantled with wild grape vines; dells bright with the flowers of the white euphorbia, the blue gentian and the purple balm; and matted forests, where the red squirrels leaped and chattered. They passed the great cliffs whence the Indian maiden threw herself in her despair; and Lake Pepin lay before them slumbering in the July sun—the far-reaching sheets of sparkling water, the grassy heights basking in sunlight or shadowed by the passing cloud; all the fair outline of its graceful scenery, the finished and polished masterwork of nature. And when at evening they made their bivouac fire and drew up their canoe, while dim, sultry clouds veiled the west, and the flashes of the silent heat-lightning gleamed on the leaden water, they could listen, as they smoked their pipes, to the mournful cry of the whippoorwills and the quavering scream of the owls."

No one who has traversed the Mississippi valley in spring time when its trees and flowers are freshly in leaf and blossom, will fail to respond to this description of its splendid beauties and grandeur.

Passing on, Hennepin and party came to the Falls in the Mississippi where Minneapolis is now located, which Hennepin named for St. Anthony of Padua, which name has been preserved to this day. Not only this, but the country in which the falls are, is named for Father Hennepin. From the Falls of St. Anthony the party went on to the Mille Lac district. After many diversions the Indians returned by the way of the St. Croix river, possibly over the course pursued by Duluth, that is, by the St. Louis river and Lake Superior to the Brule and up that stream and by portage into Upper St. Croix lake. If this was the course of Hennepin he preceded Duluth by some little time in making a voyage over the famous Indian route from Lake Superior to the Mississippi and in that case he was the first white man to make the trip. It is more probable, however that the party struck the St. Croix lower down the stream by an overland trail. In the latter case the honor of being the first known white man to traverse this Indian route is reserved to Duluth. Hennepin, speaking of his return from Mille Lac, says: "The shortest way is by the river of the grave (St. Croix) through which we went in our return."



An Indian grindstone.

Hennepin's narrative was published after he returned to France in 1683, in one volume. In 1697 the narrative was republished, including a second volume, in English, it being dedicated to the King of England, William of Orange. By this time the versatile Father had been expelled from France by Louis, XIV, and he had sought the patronage of the English King, to whom he gladly gave his allegiance. In the preface to his 1697 edition, addressing the English King, he says: "Your Majesty's Glorious Achievements being a theme above my pen, I must not presume to speak of them," but he then proceeds to exalt "Your Majesty's unparalleled valor and prudence," and more to the same effect. He adds, "I don't question but many, out of envy or malice, will blame me for entering into your Majesty's service," and then gives his reasons for doing so. Being of English extraction, it is not probable that his sympathy was with France in its wars against the Netherlands.

In his latter work Hennepin takes credit for the exploration of the lower Mississippi prior to LaSalle, which historians deny. LaSalle was now dead and Hennepin has brought down upon his memory the reproach of eminent writers for attempting to take from La Salle the glory of that enterprise. Parkman says:

"This reverend father was the most impudent of liars; and the narrative of which he speaks is a rare monument of brazen mendacity. Hennepin, however, had seen and dared much; for among his many failings fear had no part, and where his vanity or his spite was not involved, he often told the truth. His books have their value, with all their enormous fabrications."

Shea first condemned Hennepin but later sought to transfer the obloquy heaped on him to the publishers of Hennepin's narrative, contending that they had added to original works the blemishes contained in the new book.

It will be seen that Hennepin traversed the whole west side of Wisconsin and the whole east side from Green Bay South. And he also crossed the state by the Wisconsin-Fox river route. He may have been at the Fond du Lac of Lake Superior. He has left his impress on the history of the Northwest, including North Wisconsin. Hennepin

died in obscurity, but he left a memorial in his books more enduring than that of most explorers of his day.

ROMANCING WITH FATHER HENNEPIN

XXIII

Hennepin was an interesting story teller, and his books of adventure fascinated the peoples of Europe, who were tremendously interested in the New World during the Seventeenth century.

Snake stories always appeal to the credulous, hence Hennepin had his snake story. He and Picard du Gay had permission from the Sioux to go down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin, where LaSalle had arranged to have a party meet him from Fort Crevecouer. Hennepin and Picard du Gay were on their way in a small canoe. Some distance below the Falls of St. Anthony they discovered the snake.

Hennepin wrote: "When we had got about a league below the Fall, Picard missed his powder Horn, and remembering he had left it there, we were forced to go back and fetch it. At his return I showed him a huge serpent, as big as a man's leg, and seven or eight feet long. She was working herself insensibly up a steep craggy rock to get at the swallows' nests which are there in great numbers. And at the bottom of the mountain we saw the feathers of those she had already devour'd. We pelted her so long with stones, till at length she fell into the river. Her tongue was in the form of a lance, was of an extraordinary length. Her hiss might be heard a great way, and the noise of it seiz'd us with horror. Poor Picard dreamt of her at night, and was in great agony all the while. He told me I had done him a sensible kindness in waking him, for though he was a man intrepid enough, yet he was all in a sweat with fright of his dream. I have likewise myself been often disturb'd in my sleep with the image of her; so great an impression did the sight of this monster make upon our spirits."

The story is likely based on the harmless bull snake common to the Mississippi, though never so thick as discovered by Hennepin.

Hennepin had many exciting incidents with the Indians. It was the custom of the Sioux to hunt the buffalo by having all the hunters of the tribe join in the chase when they found the buffalo, which kept together in great herds. Then they surrounded the herd with great care not to startle the animals until they all were in readiness. Otherwise the buffaloes, which traveled rapidly for long distances, might escape. Hennepin fell in with a party of the Sioux who had ignored the custom of the tribe and had gone on the hunt in advance of the rest.

Hennepin describes what happened when the lawbreakers were apprehended:

"As we were following down the river Mischasipi with extraordinary swiftness, because the current is very rapid in this place, by reason 'tis so near the Fall, we found some of the savages of our band, in the islands of the river, where they had set up their cabins, and were well provided with bull's flesh. They offered us very freely of what they had. But about two hours after our landing we thought we should have all been murdered. Fifteen or sixteen savages came into the middle of the place where they were, with their great Clubs in their hands. The first thing they did was to overset the cabin of those who had invited us. Then they took away all their victuals, and what bear's oil they could find in their bladders, or elsewhere, with which they rubbed themselves all over, from head to foot. We took them at first for enemies, and Picard was very near striking the first that came in, with his sword. At the first surprise I began to lay hold of the two pocket-pistols that du Gay had left me, by which good luck I contain'd myself, or otherwise, without doubt, there had been an end of us; for their companions would not have failed to have reveng'd upon us the death of those we kill'd.

"We knew not what these savages were at first, but it appeared that they were some of those that we had left above the Falls of St. Anthony. One of them, who called himself my uncle, told me that those who had given us victuals had done basely to go and forestall the others in the chase, and that according to the laws and customs of their country, 'twas lawful for them to plunder them, since they had been the cause that the bulls were all run away, before the nation could get together, which was a great injury to the Publick. For when they are all met, they make a great slaughter amongst the bulls; for they surround them so on every side that it is impossible for them to escape."

The hardships of a cold North Wisconsin winter were shared by the early French explorers.

As Hennepin and du Gay descended the Mississippi, the weather grew hot and their provisions became exhausted, so they had to hunt turtles, which are numerous along the river sloughs. Again Hennepin is interesting. Of this and other experiences he says:

"In about three score leagues rowing we had killed but one wild goat, which we did as she was crossing the river. The heats were now grown so excessive that our provisions would be spoiled in twenty-four hours. This put us upon hunting the tortoise; but 'twas with much difficulty that we could take any; for being very quick of hearing, they would throw themselves into the water upon the least noise. However, we got one at last, which was very much larger than any we had seen. His shell was thin, and the flesh very fat. Whilst I was contriving to get off his head, he had like to have been before hand with me, by snapping off my finger with his teeth, which are very sharp. Whilst we were managing this affair we had hauled our canou ashore; but it seems a sudden and violent blast of wind had carry'd her off again into the middle of the river. Picard was gone into the meadows, to see if he could kill a wild bull, so that I was left alone with the canou. This obliged me to throw my habit as fast as I could over the tortoise, which I had turn'd, for fear he should get away. I likewise laid several stones upon my clothes, the better to secure him. When I had done so, I fell a-swimming after our canou, which went very fast down the river, being carry'd by a very quick stream, because 'twas just at the turning of a point. After I had recovered it with great difficulty, I durst not get into it, for fear of being overset, and wetting the woolen coverlet that was in it, which I used to sleep on, and the rest of our little equipage, for which reason I was forc'd to push it sometimes before me, and sometimes tug it after me, till little by little I gain'd the shoar, a small half quarter of a league below the place where I had left the tortoise.

"Picard, returning from the chase, where he had killed nothing, and finding only my habit upon the tortoise, but no canou, had reason to think that some savage or other having found me alone, had kill'd me. In great suspense, he return'd to the meadows, to look about if he could see anybody.

"In the meantime, I had made what haste I could up the river with my canou, and had no sooner taken up my clothes, but I spi'd a drove of 60 bulls and cows, with their calves, crossing the river, towards the land on the south side. I pursu'd them in my canou and set up as great a cry as I could, to give Picard notice of it. He made up to the noise, and had time enough to get into the canou, whilst a dog which we had with us, by his barking, had drove them to bay in the isles of the river. When we were prepared, the dog drove them from thence, and as they passed by us, Picard kill'd one of them with his fusil, having lodg'd the bullet in his head. Having dragged it to the side of the river, it proved to be a cow that weigh'd about five or six hundred weight. The bulls have more flesh, and weigh heavier, but because we could not get it quite to land, we contented ourselves with cuting the best pieces, and left the rest in the water.

"'Twas almost now eight and forty hours since we ate, so that we fell to kindling a fire as fast as we could, which we made of the wood the river had thrown upon the sands; and as fast as Picard skinn'd it, I put the pieces of flesh into our little earthern pot to boil. We ate of it with that greediness, that both of us were sick, so that we were obliged to hide ourselves in an island, where we rested two days for the recovery of our health by the help of my Orvietan, which was a great benefit to us during the whole voyage. Whilst I was fetching the pieces of flesh which Picard gave me, I fell backward and forward, very often close to a rattlesnake 7 or 8 feet long, without perceiving him, as he lay wrapped asleep in the sun. I told Picard of it, who came and kill'd him with our oar and afterwards threw him into the river."

Hennepin had the rheumatism from wading in the cold water and he was healed by Indian sweat baths. A tent of buffalo skins was made and hot stones placed therein, upon which water was boiled, making a fine steam bath. Hennepin tells the story. He says:

"This new father of mine, observing that I could not well rise without two or three to help me, ordered a stove to be made, into which he caused me to enter stark naked, with four savages. This stove was covered with the skins of wild bulls, and in it they put flints and other stones red hot. They ordered me, by signs, to hold my breath, time after time, as long as I could, which I did, as well as those that were with me.

"As soon as the savages that were with me had let go their breath, which they did with a great force, Aquipaguetin began to sing with a loud and thund'ring voice; the other seconded him, and laying their hands on my body, began to rub it and at the same time to weep biterly. I was like to fall in a swoon, and so was forced to quit the stove. At my coming out, I was scarce able to take up my habit of St. Francis to cover me withal, I was so weak. However, they continued to make me sweat twice a week, which at last restored me to my pristine vigour, so that I found myself as well as ever."

These selections will serve to show the vivid style of Hennepin's writing. His was a life of romance, in which nothing was lost in the telling.

(Concluded in the next issue)

Wisconsin ranks second in the production of inspected clover seed.

Wisconsin ranks fourth in the manufacture of automobiles and accessories.

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It's the Easiest Way to Fix Punctures

You can't help but make a perfect puncture repair with this handy little Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer—it's so simple and easy to use. In an emergency, when you get stuck on the road with a "flat," you can depend on it to make a heat-vulcanized repair that will last, in just a few minutes.

The Shaler costs so little that you should carry it in your car—always. After you use it once you'll know why motorists used fifty million Shaler patches last year.

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Van Brunt Drills have made their way by the way they are made.

The Van Brunt Mfg. Co.

HORICON, WIS.

Established 1860

How Waterloo Earned Name of the Hospitable City

(Continued from page 15)

through with this enterprise. Many things have had their part.

The Firemen's Association, alone, could not have accomplished this thing—there are only one hundred twenty-five of them! Co-operation of the community with the association could not have done it—without a leader. But the community has had a leader, in the true sense of the word a leader, with a vision!

"Lutz" Failinger, the association's secretary, a great, bluff, cordial merchant of the town, has carried with him the vision of a place where Waterloo's citizens, rural and urban, might see and have the best without traveling sixty miles to Milwaukee, or twenty-five to Madison. The absolute selflessness of the man where his beloved park proposition is concerned, has made him the backbone of the enterprise.

"But I couldn't have done a thing, alone!" he expostulates, "How far could we firemen have gone—alone? Our community, including many of the country friends, deserves the credit!"

According to Mr. Failinger, any community with a "sentiment" for co-operation and a desire for some one thing, need but to choose its leader and "Go and get it!"

FRPCo PAPERS OF CHARACTER

The Big 4 Bonds

Old Badger Bond
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Right-of-Way Bond

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The W. F. Nackie Paper Co.,

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Manufactured by

The Fox River Paper Company

Appleton, Wis.

Making Captains of Industry

(Continued from page 9)

libraries containing over 689,000 selected articles; 7,402 libraries were sent out in one year.

Knowledge and recreation have been combined in the sending out of more than 5,000 reels of motion picture film and 175,000 lantern slides as a loan to organizations throughout the state.

Good music and educational lectures were supplied to 368 communities in the past two years, 2,060 engagements being filled.

Expert counsel and the knowledge gained by municipalities elsewhere are at the disposal of cities and villages through the Extension Division. Suggestions for zoning, sanitation, election machinery, taxation, purchase of equipment, and community betterment may be had for the asking.

Rules for Living Longer

Eat to live, not live to eat. The stomach is a workroom, not a playhouse.
Don't fail to get plenty of exercise.
Walk one or more miles each day.
Keep windows open at night.
Drink lots of water.
Avoid worry and fatigue.
Watch for signs of degenerative disease.
Have a complete physical examination each year or oftener.

Wisconsin ranks second in the manufacture of farm machinery.

Julian H. Stein Studio

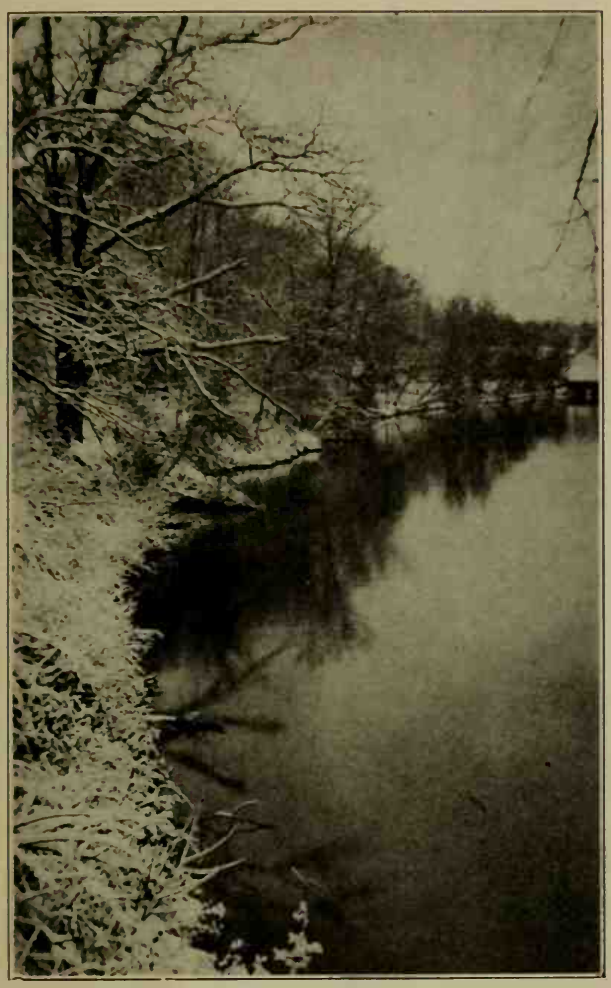
425 Milwaukee St.

Portraits by Photography

Prose Idylls of the Lake

By R. H. C.

The Ice Harvest



"Ready for the Harvest"

WHEN the lake freezes over we have something to talk about for a few days. The diarist thumbs over his pages of last year's record and gives us positively and with a certain degree of unction the exact date when the lake froze over last winter, so all possibility of argument or debate on the question is politely eliminated. But then, who wants to argue where the lake is concerned? We all own it no matter to whom the shore line belongs.

Whatever kind of a song the lake sings as its waters gently or roughly caress the beach, it seems to meet the mood of the moment. Summer or winter the lake is always there in its appointed place, and though it has many moods, it is always willing to accept you and ask no questions.

Just at present the lake is not singing unless it is in a very subdued minor tone beneath the ice. Sixteen inches of solid substance covers the surface of "Sparkling Waters." If, some crispy night, with a sky like dulled steel flecked with glittering gems you go down to the lake, you will sense the burden the lake is carrying. A rumbling groan greets one as though in protest against the extra weight as one walks across its surface. At times there is a sharp cracking noise as when a tree is falling to earth, the ice crust is attaining greater thickness, but the crack is also indicative of a coming disintegration.

Mother Earth with her laws and regulations coupled with man's need and ingenuity make the lake generous; not that the lake intends to be niggardly, we take from it and there is never a word of complaint. Very willingly it parts with its possessions when man knows how and why to take. Perhaps the lake is wiser than mere man for the bracing buoyancy of the wintry air along its shores gives promise of an intimate coolness when days are hot and feverish.

The man with saw swings steadily up and down as the biting metal eats its way through the ice. The rhythmic zrrr, zrrr, zrrr, with its peculiar tone is heard at no other season of the year. Unlike the penetrating sound of the saw in the woods when trees are being felled, the music of the ice-saw does not carry very far. Perhaps this is in keeping with the lake's prevailing mood. Expansiveness cannot be expected just now. Even after the breast of the lake has been opened it closes up very rapidly again and the welling water acts as though it would seek to hide the heart of the lake.

Along the channel come floating the great blocks of ice. Unperturbed, with a steady movement, they swing down the narrow track to where the hooks wait to lift them to platform and wagon. If the day is bright and sun-shiny the ice gleams with an irridescence, as with a captured rainbow it seeks to match its diamond-like glory with glow of star or shining sun. Stark naked, without sense of shame, the ice stands revealed in its frigid beauty and unsullied splendor. Yes, the ice harvest is being gathered in; but no song of 'harvest home' is sung for the ice; proudly indifferent to the thought of a 'thanksgiving,' block after block is swung into place in the darksome abode of the ice house, until the day comes when brought forth once more into the light of day its now prosaic glory has a twofold value—just a piece of ice. Still proudly defiant, unseen and unsung, it quietly passes away, but in passing fulfills its service.

Wisconsin Lumber

Prepared for the market in our own sawmill. Write us about your needs.

KNOKE LUMBER CO.

Appleton, Wis.

A pure thread silk Hose at **$1.00** the pair

Fine, Sheer and Clear

Long boot—Silk above the Knee

High Spliced Silk Heel and Toe

and made with the faithful regard to style as the more costly Allen-A Styles

The Allen-A Company

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Clarence A. Shaler

(Continued from Page 7)

the pressure by raising the leg that is the source of the trouble."

Three thin layers of sole added to the shoe of the shortened member did the trick. But he had paid the price and paid it most dearly—his stomach was ruined, ruined by the pills, pellets and powders that had passed into his system on the counsel of his earlier advisors.

In the wake of his sad experience, he has been forced to deny himself many things of a social and pleasurable nature. The hour when most of his friends have been going out to enjoy the evening, he has been forced to seek retirement. He has realized that in order to win the fight he must conserve his strength, live on a restricted diet, and handle himself, in his own words, as though he were a piece of Dresden china.

He has followed his self-prescribed course of living for over thirty years and won the fight.

He spends his summers in Waupun and the winters in California. He divides his attention while in California between his apartment in the Castle Green in Pasadena and his sheep and almond ranch, Windell Orchards, at Willows in the northern part of the state. He enjoys hunting and is given to playing the game of golf.

Such is a brief sketch of the rise of the umbrella maker and inventor, lover of art, philanthropist and humanitarian —Clarence A. Shaler.

Waupun claims him! Wisconsin is proud of him! The whole country honors him! Verily, his life is an answer to Nathanael's question: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

High Grade Ground Wood
Printing Papers and Specialties

Mills at Appleton and Kaukauna, Wis.

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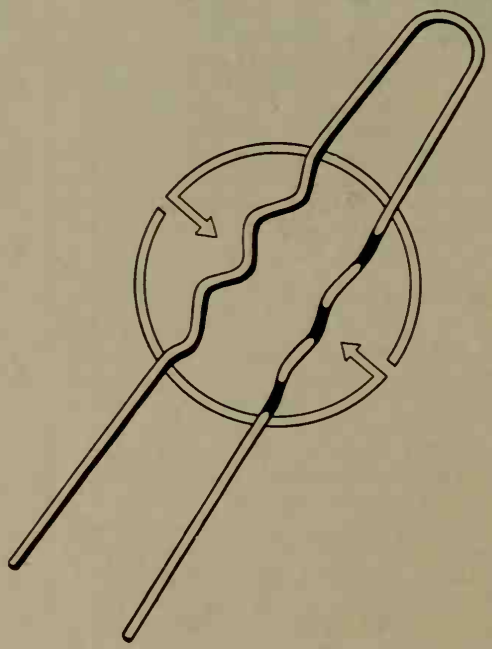
For Bobbed or Long Hair

It's the Two-Way Crimp that Makes this Pin Hold



Say "Scolding Locks" when buying Hairpins

"The Legion's Buddy"

A Candy Bar that is delicious beyond compare, will soon make its debut.

If you have had a favorite, pass it up for this one. You'll find it a charming delight.

GUNZ - DURLER CANDY CO.

Oshkosh, Wis.

Yesterday in Badger Towns

Glimpses of Three Decades Ago Caught Here and There in 1884

The **Milwaukee** Business Directory for December listed 26 dentists, 12 architects, 79 attorneys.

* * *

The **Merrill** County Board decided to take $175,000 worth of stock in the new Antigo, Merrill, and Eastern Railroad.

* * *

Burlington erected a $10,000 canning factory, accessible to both railroad and water facilities. Capacity 20,000 cans per day.

* * *

Lodi had a newly organized Woman's Club which took up a study of America.

* * *

Wausau capitalists established a bank at Sheboygan.

* * *

Mt. Pleasant farmers formed an association to prosecute all hunters who visited their farms with hunting dogs. Seventy-five sheep in that country had been recently killed by dogs.

* * *

At the annual meeting and banquet of the Banker's Club, **Milwaukee**, Edwin H. Abbott in his talk on "How to Improve Milwaukee's Commerce" said that when deep waterways came Milwaukee would be one of the greatest of the permanent maritime ports.

* * *

A large pulp mill was built opposite Little **Quinnesec Falls** on the Menominee River by the Badger Paper Company of Kaukauna.

* * *

All the leading summer annual resorters at **Oconomowoc** pledged the necessary funds and took part in the presentation of a gigantic circus.

* * *

Local insurance men of **Green Bay** met and organized the Local Board of Insurance Underwriters, the main object of the organization being the maintenance of rates.

* * *

A new military department with a cadet corps organization was organized at Lawrence College, **Appleton.**

* * *

Laun Bros. started a sawmill at **Big Wausakee**, giving employment to over 125 men.

* * *

The Village Board at **Fox Lake** decided that slot machines must go.

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Sharp, Clean, Snappy, Impressions.

The Demountable Typewriter will win your respect when you see it, your admiration when you inspect it closely, and your entire approval when you judge its value both from an artistic and mechanical viewpoint. It is sure to be your choice if you want great value, highest operating efficiency, economy, beauty and long life in typewriter service.

The life of a typewriter depends first on the Typist's touch, and second upon its being kept clean. The Typist can get to the parts of the Demountable that require cleaning.

Its record of long life and economy will interest anyone desirous of obtaining years of service from equipment obtained at a moderate initial expenditure.

An inquiry brings you additional convincing information.

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Menasha, Wis.

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Though our *Cook* is a *Chef*

We furnish you with the kind of atmosphere which makes eating a genuine pleasure, and—*we don't charge you for the atmosphere.*

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Sterling at Irving

Madison

Wonderful Months are Ahead in the Wisconsin Magazine

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Col. Gabe Bouck — Zona Gale
General Charles King — Eben E. Rexford
Hamlin Garland — General Bragg
and many others

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Wisconsin's Farm Linked Industries
Wisconsin's Paper and Pulp Industries
Textile Manufacturing in Wisconsin
Leather Helped To Make Wisconsin Famous

Outdoor Wisconsin

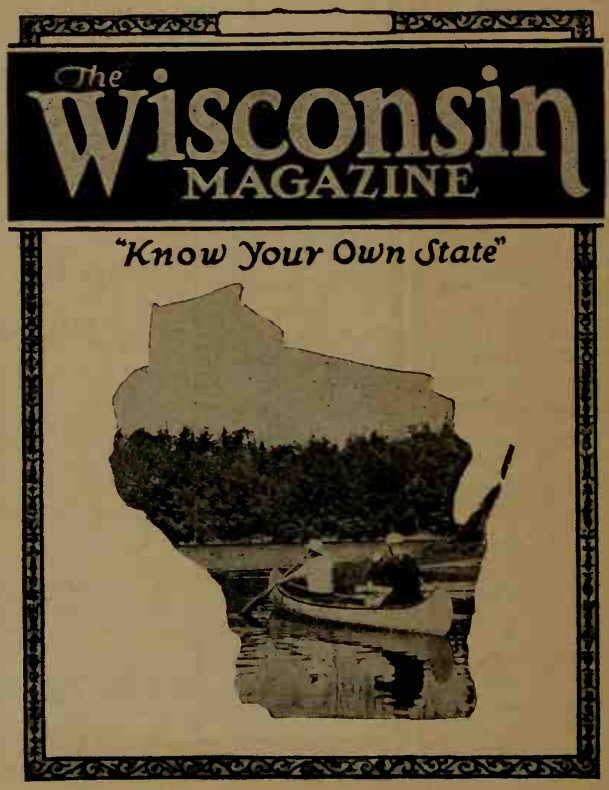
O. W. (Outdoor) Smith, an outstanding authority on Wisconsin's great Out-Of-Doors, will write some very interesting articles.
Always a profusion of illustriations of city, country, lakes and woods.

Historic Wisconsin

Many surprising features, one of them, "The Romance of Wisconsin Navigation."

Literary Wisconsin

A feature page—"With Wisconsin's Poets"
Children's Stories
Contributions from prominent persons
Articles by young writers as a means of literary encouragement



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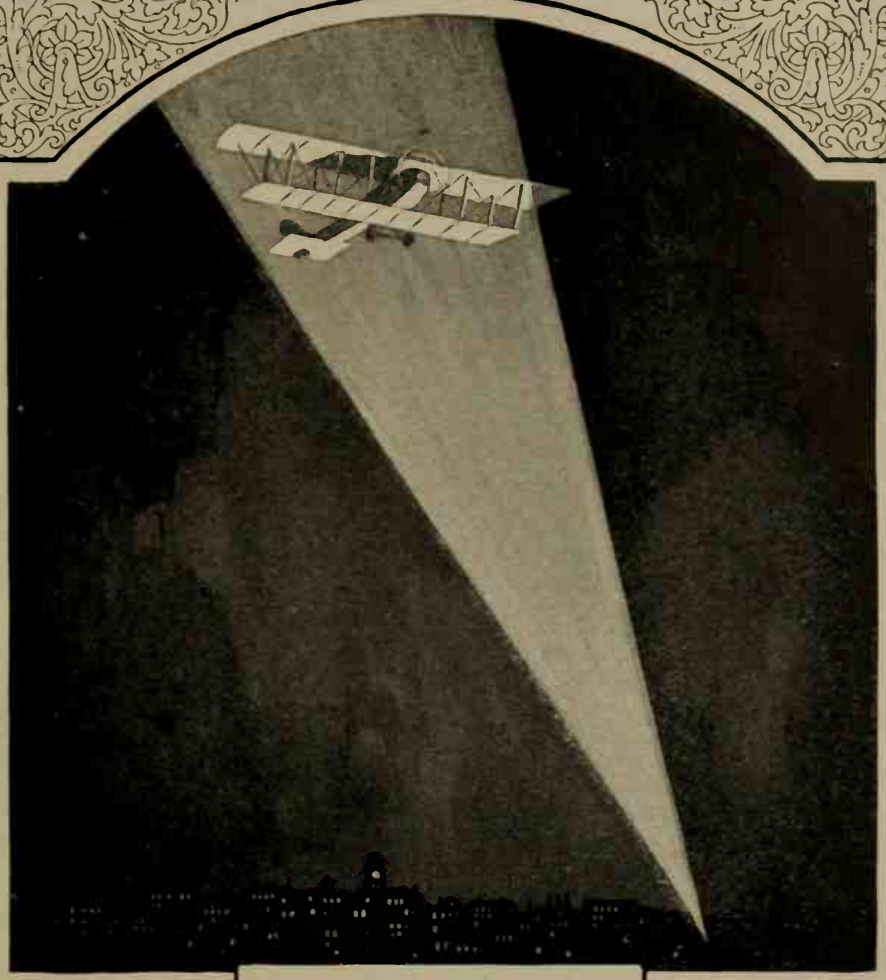

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These batteries are identical with the batteries sold by your dealer and thousands of other good dealers everywhere.

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The Design — Capacious oblong shape. Close-fitting cover, with vent to regulate dry or moist cookery. Sturdy tray, with cut-away corner for convenience in basting. Well-rounded corners, making cleaning easy.

The Uses — Adapted for cooking with dry or moist heat, with vent open for roasting and closed for steaming, braising, etc.
The Mirro Roaster may be used either for oven or top-of-stove cookery, and for preparing a wide variety of foods: viz., all roasts and braised meats; combination meat and vegetable meals; fish dinners, steamed fowl; brown bread, plum puddings, fruit cake, etc., steamed on rack; doughnuts, etc., fried in deep fat; bread, baking three loaves at once; canned fruit, with rack; fried or smothered chicken; quantity cookery of soups, stews, etc.

THIS is a good roaster. And you know you *want* a good roaster—if you have ever owned a cheap one! You want Mirro's rugged construction, to stand the wear and hard knocks. You want those niceties of expert design—the Mirro "Star Features." You want what *all* Mirro utensils give . . . the pleasure of owning "The Finest Aluminum" and the added satisfaction of economy-in-the-long-run.

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Star-Points of a Fine Roaster

The Material —Extra thick, extra hard, extra tough pure aluminum, the kind that makes all Mirro utensils long-lived and economical.

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The Mark —"MIRRO, The Finest Aluminum," stamped only on the finest guaranteed products of the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum wares.

The Price —Only $6.00 in the medium size; $6.50 in the large—at leading stores. Just 60 cents (or 65 cents) per year for the first ten years—nothing per year afterwards—is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.